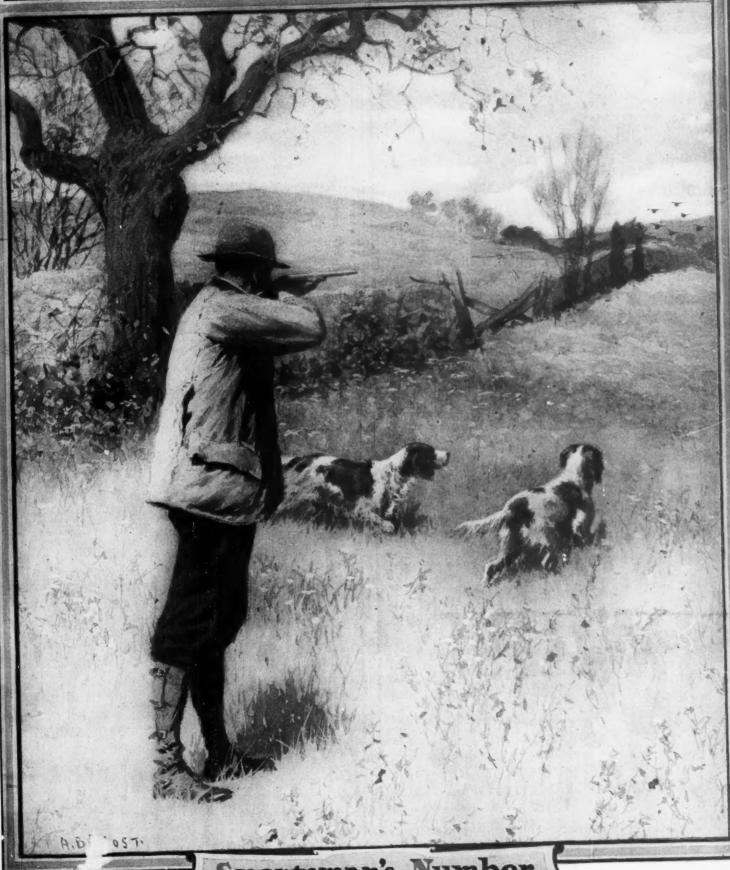
Colliers

For September 19th 1903



Vol. XXXI No. 25

Sportsman's Number

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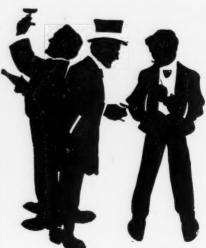
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Vol. XXXI No. 25

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New York, Saturday, September 19, 1903



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Sherlock Holmes Returns!

In next week's issue of COLLIER's, the Household Number for October, will begin the most notable series of short stories of the year,—"The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. Those

familiar with the previous adventures of the famous detective—and are there any who are not?—will remember that the last heard of Mr. Holmes was the report that he had been hurled headlong over a precipitous cliff. It was not believed that any man—either in fact or in fiction—could survive such a shock as this, and even the detective's best friends (even those who most realized the very good reasons Holmes might have for wishing himself to be considered dead) began



Sir Conan Doyle

to give up hope of ever again hearing of his wonderful genius or of witnessing its almost infallible operation. But Holmes did not die. He survived the He survived the deadly peril through which he passed, and of this and of the ensuing adventures Sir Conan Doyle tells us in the remarkable series which he has called "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." The first story is entitled "The Adventure of the Empty House," and will be published next week. The second story will follow in the November Household Number. The illustrations for the series have been made by Frederic Dorr Steele and form a perfect complement to the text.

perfect complement to the text.

The double-page illustration of the October Household Number is a fine reproduction in color of a painting by Frederic Remington, entitled "His First Lesson," the first of a series of typically Western subjects painted by this popular artist during a recent visit to the land of the Indian and the cowboy. The seventh picture in the "Weaker Sex" series by Charles Dana Gibson will also appear in this issue. Of the many other features—including "The Old Man of the Sea," a poem by James Whitcomb Riley—which will go to make the October Household Number one of the most notable of this galaxy of monthly editions, there is hardly space enough to elaborate this galaxy of monthly editions, there is hardly space enough to elaborate upon here,—but there will be contributions from the Hon. Justin McCarthy, Lavinia Hart, Norman Hapgood, Emma Eames, and many others.

The Lion's Mouth Contest for September

Only one question is put forward in this month's competition. It relates to the more practical business interest of the $W_{\rm EEKLY}$:

What method, not now in force, can you suggest for increasing the circulation of Collier's?

ALL answers must be received at this office not later than October 5th. If any plan submitted be found of especial practical value under test, a cash prize of \$100.00 will be awarded in addition to the usual twenty prizes aggregating \$329.00.

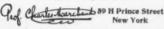
A Ten Dollar Prize for a Photograph

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will pay liberally for photographs to be used in "The Focus of the Time." Photographers, both professional and amateur, in all parts of the world are invited to submit pictures. Those that can not be used by us will be returned. Such as are available will be paid for and an additional prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the best photograph pub-lished during the month. Two points which will be considered principally in the selection of the prize photograph will be the importance of the picture as a news event, and the quality of the photograph itself. All photographs must bear on the reverse side the date, the name of sender, and explanatory note of the incident with date. Photographs should be addressed to "Art Editor, Collier's Weekly, New York."

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HE GOLDEN RULE WILL NOT WORK in politics any more than it will in evolution. Were it ever developed universally, we should be deprived of the destruction of the unfit. When it is asked, what would the United States think if three Turkish warships appeared in New York Harbor, because some American failed to kill a Turk, we meet the question not with the Sermon on the Mount, but with the works of Darwin. These contrasting truths do not conflict. The style of mind which levels all differences, and demands one treatment for Chinamen, Negroes, Turks, and Anglo-Saxons, ought to go as far as Tolstoi, embrace alike sinner and saint, and abolish even judicial punishment. Actually, the person who makes most liberal use of the golden rule is likely to be he who destroys the unfit. Mr. Gladstone focused the Nonconformist conscience of England,

and intensified it, and sometimes put it into deeds, but he tried to stir the world to action against Turkey in defence of Christian Armenia. His attempts, through half a century of action, to account for his procedure on ethical principles of one kind only, neglecting those reflecting the harder truths of science, kept him in continuous sophistry, as it does similar thinkers to-day. There are not so many of them as there were, either in America or in England. John Morley has a small following, compared to the following of John Bright. The type in this country is confined to about two prominent newspapers with a handful of followers. Also the opposite type, the constantly bellicose, the jingo, decreases. Between the ethical doctrinaire and the pugilistic temper, lies the temper of the grave and experienced intelligence, like that of Mr. Hay or Lord Salisbury, which, neither preacher nor the slave to preachings, recognizes self-preservation as the first law of life, and yet, wherever softer virtues are possible,

heightens our ideals of kindness, liberality, and honor.

SECTIONAL

BETWEEN EAST AND WEST, North and South, it is unfortunate to have any feeling of division. The New Englander and the Westerner, the New Yorker and the man below Mason and Dixon's line, have one country and one nature, however each may differ from the others in detail. The nation will make good use of all the virtues-Southern warmth, Western freshness, New England firmness-without preferring any to the others. Because we sometimes point out a fault, or a virtue, more characteristic of one locality, it does not mean a preference. A correspondent speaks of the "attitude of the rest of the country toward New England, à fortiori Boston, à fortissimi Harvard," and proceeds: "I know we are narrow and self-satisfied, and priggish, and everlastingly preach-But I can not away with the injustice which punishes faults of manner or even temper so much more severely than follies and vices. The excellent, hard-working, honest, self-sacri-

ficing prig is detested; the agreeable good-for-nothing shirks all his duties, ruins his family, and is forgiven. Speaking of Massachusetts' criticisms of the Spanish war, and her desire to have her own coast-line defended, her defender declares: "Just as in the War of 1812, exactly, and just as in 1812, and every other war, even the Mexican, Massachusetts gave more than her share of soldiers, sailors, and money; she always has been and always will be the fighting State of the Union; but because she wants to express her mind at the same time, roaring Western Governors who telegraph that their troops are all ready to start, except uniforms, guns, and ammunition, call us traitors and cowards." There is good warm patriotism for you, and we like it. Interested as we are in the newer parts of our country, as in the West, and in the more burdened parts, as in the South, we never lose the love of old New England. As for Massachusetts, she needs no enco-miums. "There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves."

MR. PAYNE HAS THE COURAGE of his folly. He would probably make a brave prizefighter, if he were strong enough. He would He was a successful lobbyist, and doubtless a bold and faithful one. Unhappily for him, he is in the wrong place. He treats the American conscience with a scorn which would be "intolerable in God Almighty to a black beetle." But, as the coiner of that phrase remarked, "we are vetebrate animals, we are mammalia!"

Really, we can not stand the tone of Mr. Payne. He CONSPUEZ PAYNE explains the removal of a postmistress on the ground that she is "personally and politically obnoxious to United States Senator Allee." Mr. Allee is the tool of the notorious Addicks of Delaware. Mr. Payne really ought to be embalmed and sent down to posterity to repose in a museum by the side of Governor Pennypacker, a much superior man afflicted with the same genius for imbecile speech. Mr. Payne is also quoted in an interview: "That's all there was to it. It was done in strict accordance with the agreement made between the factions in Delaware that one was to have the control of the patronage in one part

of the State, and the other faction in another. That is all I have to say." That is enough to say. If Mr. Payne holds his place moral clown in the Roosevelt circus, the President must be tightly bound by some agreement not confided to the public. Was he a party to the factional bargain referred to so blithely by Mr. Payne? If so, he doubtless preferred to keep it secret, and the Postmaster-General's usefulness as an electioneering agent must be past.

SAM PARKS SPEAKS WITH BOLDNESS, also. Sent to Sing Sing for extortion, his proud defiance to the world is, that there never was a time when he failed to "deliver the goods." The world loves a successful fighter. Labor unions seem still to love Parks. But it is a mistake, damaging to labor, to take the military view of qualities needed in its leaders. Diplomacy would be a much better analogy; wisdom continuously applied, with conflict only as a last resort. Such a leader is John Mitchell. Parks is on a level with the bulldog, except for the canine's financial Thousands admired Jesse James, for his audacity and success. Some even admired Tracy. These men, in their line, were successful. They "made good." Jesse James "delivered the goods" to the members of his gang. Devotion to such as Parks is similar to the error of warring against the When organized labor supports leaders, or resolutions, which mean, "our immediate interests, right or wrong, by methods just or ignoble," it occupies ground from which it must inevitably be dislodged, perhaps with heavy loss. District-Attorney Jerome, knowing much about corruption in walking delegates, selected Parks as

the worst. In treating him as a hero, organized labor gives its approval to criminal methods in coercing employers. It is turn-

ing far back the progress made under the guidance of wiser leaders.

NOWHERE IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD is there another spectacle quite like a French trial. The Zola and the Dreyfus cases made Anglo-Saxons gasp. The Humbert case, which has finally ceased dragging its slow length along through the French courts, is equally at variance with our notions of orderly procedure. As an instrument for ascertaining the truth, this French go-as-you-please is not equal to a cross-examination by Mr. Joseph Choate, or Mr. Moorfield Storey, or the late Lord Russell of Killowen. Still more marked is its inferiority if you look upon a trial as an intellectual game, in which each side tries so to select and arrange facts as to produce the opinion it professes to hold. One might almost suppose that the spirit of irrelevance, against which nearly every Frenchman is on his guard when making a book, or a play, or a picture, took its revenge as soon as any son or daughter of France climbed upon the witness stand. Madame Humbert, who was once regarded as the ringleader in the conspiracy, and who is now seen to be greatly her husband's inferior in grasp and adroitness and knowledge, occasionally interrupts the proceedings to tell the judge she is sorry his mind is already made The judge breaks off the examination of a witness

to ask Madame Humbert if she will kindly tell him where to find Marcotte, one of her non-existent castles. Frederic, the husband, testifies that his brother does a little in the landscape way; that he himself, being a poet, can compose in any quiet room, no matter how ill-furnished, provided he has ink and paper; that his ignorance of law is so great as to be invincible except by the direct action of the Holy Ghost. Romain Daurignac, Madame Humbert's brother, whose part in the conspiracy was to impersonate one of the Crawfords, discourses freely upon Russia's wealth in precious stones, especially in topazes; modestly admits that he has had "wonderful and mysterious adventures" in South America; gives an admirably clear summary of his love affairs, and regrets that for the last ten years he has not been able to find a spare moment in which to legalize his marriage. On a hot summer afternoon the Humbert trial, or any other celebrated French case, fills an acutely felt want. When something is When something is really at stake, as somebody's life or reputation, or money is involved, the affair is more exciting than one of our continuous-performance shows. With refreshments and a little light music, such an entertainment would be perfect.

THE INCREASE OF SUICIDE, indicated by recent statistics, is I supposed to result from the habit of insurance. St. Louis heads the list. Let us hope that the joy of living inspired in her by the fair will be so great that she will drop to a place near the bottom. In fifty American cities last year 2,500 took their own lives. In ten years the rate has gone up from twelve per thousand to seventeen. In New York City since the Civil War the rate has risen from ten to twenty. Germans, Russians, and Bohemians are more addicted to suicide than native Americans, and the Irish hold the position of honor with the lowest per-



centage. The Registrar-General of England believes that insanity is on the increase, and coroner's juries usually find suicides insane; but insurance men are likely to find motives, especially where the rate rises among men thirty-five years of age and over, who are the principal insurers. Statistics are now so much more elaborate and exact than they used to be, that comparisons with the distant past are difficult. The famous epidemic of suicide which swept over Europe after the publication of Wer-

ther would probably shrink to small proportions if we could know the precise numbers. The insurance companies have endeavored to exclude suicide from the chances against them by clauses against it, "sane or insane," but the courts generally have held such clauses void, and juries have shown a remarkable readiness to attribute insanity to every person taking his own life. The general feeling that suicide is a weakness, a crime, and even a proof of unsound mind, is wholesome, for nothing is more elevating to an individual or a community than a high valuation of life, proof against all conditions and every argument.

PEOPLE TALK ABOUT THE DANGER of sitting on Servia's blood-stained throne, or the Czar's seat of dynamite, but even in the most enlightened and orderly countries power is never free from the malicious and insane. When President Loubet's coachman was struck by a tomato, popular readiness immediately created the picture of assassination. King Edward, the peacemaker and master of tact, is probably the safest of living monarchs. President Roosevelt stepped into a place made vacant by assassination, and twice already there have been signs of danger to him, from individual crazy men, arrested by the secret service. Garfield and Lincoln are but a little way behind. From this peril there seems to be no better protection possible than is now provided. Such precautions as are taken in Russia would be impracticable and unwise in a democracy, and short of such measures the present secret

service arrangements are the most effective guard. In our country of peace and freedom the ruler must take a large risk of violent and uncalled-for death. Any law which would check the crime would be gladly passed, but it is doubtful if any statute would avail. The best private police methods, close supervision of criminals, and prompt removal of all doubtful characters is all that can be done. King Edward put into skilful form his disbelief in guards, when he spoke of the loyalty of his Irish subjects as his best defence; but an able detective or two in the neighborhood is a more exact protection, and one that acts without constant emphasis of the danger. Why England's monarchs are so much safer than America's Presidents is not clear, unless it is because of the lax immigration methods, which make our shores so hospitable to half-insane inhabitants of Europe. If we were less strict about letting in an educated Greek, whose presence might displease trade unions, and more severe in rejecting European scum, an incidental gain would be in the greater safety of our Presidents.

A PPROVAL OF THE POSITION taken in an editorial called "Brother to the Ox," comes to us from various physicians, one of whom, however, raises the objection that the punishment therein defended would be so objectionable to the culprit that he would kill his victim to escape identification. Surely he would be less likely to add murder to his other crime, when he foresaw judicial trial and disgrace, than now, with a hot mob at his heels and the flaming stake ahead. Some other objection should be found, if this remedy is to remain untried. If only one Southern State would experiment, some actual information would be accessible about the effect. In private conversation it is often advocated. Probably difficulties of expression have checked its public discussion. If some committee in a Legislature would simply go to work and recommend it, we feel fairly sure that public approbation would fol-

low, for the crime is one to which humanity spares not the merest drop of sympathy. The educated negroes are not doing their share toward suppressing it. There is too much talk among them about the rights of men and brothers, too much preaching about the golden gates, and too little realization of their own obligations. We have just read "The Souls of Black Folk," by Mr. Du Bois, with peculiar interest, but with a fear that it may do less good than harm. Booker Washington, talking to the whites, explains the white man's duty. Talking to the blacks, he tells them relentlessly about the hard work they must do. That is courage—that is wisdom. Mr. Du Bois is poetical, melancholy, wistful, attractive, but he has not Mr. Washington's genius for fact. He dreams. He talks about the Veil, and suffers from social prejudice. He regrets Mr. Washington's emphasis of money, and can not share that leader's knowledge that utilitarian success must be the foundation of all the fine ideals which his race may ever gain. Let the negroes follow Mr. Washington. Let them

leave the whites to their own consciences, which will do justice in the end. Let them cure themselves of uselessness and the one enraging crime. That crime stands between them and mercy, between the whites and peace. It can not be burned away. Negro opinion must do most toward its removal. Something, perhaps, might be accomplished by a wiser punishment.

MR. DU BOIS'S BOOK gives less the souls of typical and various blacks, than the soul of one sensitive and intelligent mulatto, who has been educated in Germany and at Harvard, and then felt keenly the line between himself and white society. It is largely a special plea for the exceptional negro, a touching and eloquent one, which may soften a few Caucasian hearts, but which is likely also to turn negro heads away from the gospel of work to that easy sentiment which makes preachers of so many. Somewhere Booker Washington tells of an old negro working in the fields who, in substance, exclaimed: "De way am so long, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot, disenigger am called to preach de glory of de Lord." Mr. Du Bois tells truth which is a solace to his brooding spirit—but no remedy for negro faults. An atmosphere, moreover, which is without humor, buoyancy, or lightness of heart, does not represent the negro race. Instead of doing his part to raise negro opinion against rape, he puts the emphasis, as an explanation which is almost an excuse, on white faults against the negro. To America he credits "brutal, dyspeptic blundering." He speaks of "the crime of this happy-go-lucky nation which goes blundering along with its

go-lucky nation which goes blundering along with its Reconstruction tragedies, its Spanish War interludes, and Philippine matinees, just as though God really were dead." He pleads with "a headstrong, careless people to despise not Justice, Mercy, and Truth, lest the nation be smitten with a curse." The object of his book is to "let the ears of a guilty people tingle with truth." Such bitterness is natural, but it is folly, weak self-indulgence compared to Booker Washington's superb calm and strength. We feel sorry for Mr. Du Bois and his race, as we read the pathetic story of his firstborn, or hear him say, "I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not," or read of the poetic black man excluded from the opera, for which he had paid his last dollar and forgotten his poverty in the dreams of sound. But this suffering, this injustice, leads too much to rhetoric, too little to wisdom. There is a battle, energetically described, between an Indian-Negro chieftain and his followers, and the whites, and we read it a dozen times without being able to see who won the victory. Similarly fog hangs about the reasoning and the aims, and half-blind rhetoric and unchartered sentiment have for their result opposition to the one leader whose genius gives the black man hope.

PLAYING TO THE GRAND STAND is a graphic expression, drawn from the national game. Chasing the limelight conveys a similar conception to denizens of the theatre. Mr. David B. Hill practically accuses President Roosevelt of what he calls "spectacularism"—a new word, too long to live. He has been credited with coining "egomania," in the same connection, but that word has been in private use considerably, although it has not won a place in the dictionaries. Mr. Hill also by implication accuses the President of emphatic commonplace, a charge which Mr. Thomas B. Reed put more successfully when he said Mr. Roosevelt had apparently discovered the moral law. Lowell spoke of folks who "say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way." Similar lines of attack are being followed by the President's cleverest newspaper enemy, which seizes on every breach of taste. Now, taste is not the President's long suit, and in politics it is a matter of inconsiderable importance. A man may shout through a megaphone and be a valuable ruler. He may weary the cultivated with

talk of weaklings and big sticks, and be a President not many times equalled in utility. It is the only vulnerable side thus far found by the President's enemies. He does make a good deal of noise, no doubt some of it unnecessary. But he has just appointed a Democrat Governor of the Philippines, formed a determination to appoint Consuls for merit, chosen an excellent successor to Secretary Root, come out squarely against lynch law, and defied the labor unions in defence of equality among Government employees. So much for the last few weeks. Before that he fought hard for Cuba; supported, through Governor Taft, native interests in the Philippines; pulled as hard toward tariff reform and currency improvement as his knowledge and powers made possible; and defied capital, as he has now defied erring labor. the whole, the record of his first administration shows more good deeds than are often successfully executed in so short a time. should be glad if he could do his work without unnecessary whistling, blowing, rumbling, and cinders; but, after all, he "draws a heavy load" and draws it fast, and thus far safely.



MEN AND DOINGS: A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

Peary's Dash for the Pole.—The America's Cup races come history, another and greater internal est—one that has lured adventurous spirits

for nearly a century-is revived. Undaunted by previous failures, stories of terrible sufferings of gold hunters lost in the Arctic gold hunters lost in the Arctic Circle, or by the British Discovery disaster at the southern extremity of the geographical pole, Commander Robert E. Peary is again preparing to make a dash into the Realms of the Ice King, without the aid of wireless telegraphy of the property of the strength of the strength of the support of the suppo

without the aid of wireless telegraphy, airships, or submarine boats. But his project has received the hearty approval of the President, and he is given three years' leave of absence from naval service. Early next July, Commander Peary will start for the North Pole, with a fast ship and an all-American crew, equipped and selected under his own direction. After establishing winter quarters in north Grant Land, he intends, with the help of Eskimos and a few brave companions, to make a dash in dog sleds, from a base about four hundred and ninety miles distant from the Pole. Commander Peary has spent tant from the Pole. Commander Peary has spent twelve years in trying to penetrate "to the top of the frozen north," that intangible goal which has lured on many brave hearts to an icy grave. Only a year ago he returned from his last expedition, and had to undergo amputation of his toes. Funds for the expedition to the amount of \$150,000 (\$50,000 more than the tion to the amount of \$150,000 (\$50,000 more than the cost of his last four years' trip) are expected from the Peary Arctic Club of New York and from English capitalists. In this final attempt to secure the last great geographical prize the world has to offer, the explorer will take with him only men who have had experience in the dangers and hardships of the Arctic. Eskimos will form the principal members of the sled dash, after the resty has peased the eighty-third parallel where will form the principal members of the sled dash, after the party has passed the eighty-third parallel, where the furthest north station will be established. Commander Peary's expeditions have been family parties on occasions. All the world knows how Mrs. Peary, the plucky wife of the explorer, accompanied her husband on one of his expeditions, and how she sought him in the rescue ship last year. Her little daughter, "Snow Bird," first saw the light in the midnight sun of the Arctic, and her first "rainbows" in the auvora borealis or the mystage of the my

the aurora borealis or the mysterious Northern Lights.



The American Girl's Invasion of England.—"My ducats and my daughter"—the wail of the American father and the glory of the American mother. At the present rate of Americanization of the aristocracy of England, it is probable that the famous bul-

wark of British throne and constitution, the House of Lords, will soon be annexed by the bright-eyed daughters of the Republic. The report is out of the coming alliance of the Duke of Roxburghe, scion of a historic line, ex-officer in the Horse Guards, veteran of the Boer War, and crack polo player, with Miss May Goelet, an American favorite of fortune, heiress to twenty millions. Miss Goelet will be the fifth American girl to wear the strawberry leaves of an English duchess, though she is but one of a long list of American brides who have carried vast fortunes abroad, and dotted (in two senses) the courts fortunes abroad, and dotted (in two senses) the courts of Europe. To convey an idea of the great tribute in gold and beauty paid by this country to the fetich of title would require a new American peerage. . . Other women are unfortunate or successful, as the world wags. The latest edict of the French Ministry exiles the self-sacrificing St. Augustinian Sisters after October I. The "Fronde," the famous Parisian daily, edited and composed entirely by women, has finally given up the ghost. The Ladies' Hermitage Association of Nashthe ghost. ville have saved by purchase the historic home of Andrew Jackson. Mme. Patti will make another farewell tour of America. And, the New York Society for the Prevention of Wife Desertion will extradite victims of this unfortunate lesion of mankind from all known cities except Callao, where, on no condition does extradition go. Soa little Hope yet remains in the Pandoric Box.

The Troubles of Turkey.—The nightmare of the Dardanelles seems approaching its awakening crisis. The "Sick Old Man of Europe" is in a peck of trouble. The American Mediterranean fleet, ordered to Beirut, Syria, on report of the assassination of United States Consul Magelssen at that place, reached its destina-tion on September 4. On September 8 the cables retion on September 4. On September 8 the cables reported an uprising at Beirut, caused by the presence of

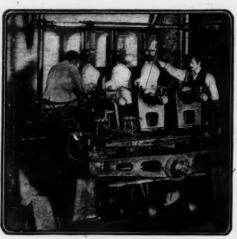
the fleet, and a conflict between Christians and Mussulmans, in which numerous people were killed. But the principal scene of trouble had changed from Beirut to Constantinople. A cablegram, received by the State Department from United States Minister Leishman at Constantinople, intimated that the foreign Governments were landing marines to protect their Consulates. The Powers remember Pekin. The Sublime Porte had sent warning that legations were subject to a possible attack from Macedonian or Bulgarian bandits. The Treaty of Paris, signed after the Crimean War, closed the Dardanelles against foreign warships, but a cohort of Continental Powers may violate the treaty in the interests of peace or for the safety of their representatives, should a general uprising follow the Turkish invasion of Bulgaria. . . . That newly the fleet, and a conflict between Christians and Mussultheir representatives, should a general uprising follow the Turkish invasion of Bulgaria. . . That newly elevated potentate, King Peter of Servia, also finds himself in a hornet's-nest. A military plot to depose the King and his Ministry, after the fashion of the Alexander and Draga horror, resulted in many army officers of lesser grade being arrested or placed under surveillance, until the King's pleasure is known. . . The new Nihilistic party has "sentenced to removal"



Heads of Foreign Embassies at Constantinople ander Pansa, Italy; M. Constans, France; Baron mor, England; Baron Marschall von Bibestein, G mi Secretary, France; M. Zinowiew, Russia

Minister de Plehve, the implacable imperialist who has recently become, through the practical deposition of Minister de Witte, "the real Czar of Russia." The new Russian Socialist Revolutionary party has revived some of the old terrorism of Russian society.

Sir Conan Dovle's "Discovery."-The "figure facoffered a tremendous boon just on the eve of that great undertaking. Sir A. Conan Doyle, premier writer of detective tales and fiction of the finest, has great undertaking. Sir A. Conan Doyle, premier writer of detective tales and fiction of the finest, has temporarily unhitched his wagon from the stars and taken on a paying trade load. The famed knight comes of a canny family, having an eye to the main chahce, and his latest opportunity was made and found in Italy. Quite recently he bought the patent and undertook the exploitation of a marble-cutting copying device of one Bontempi, an Italian ex-naval officer at Naples, temporarily out at the knees. If the invention "pans out" as it promises, the historian of Sherlock Holmes will become a millionaire many times over. Bontempi's copying drill works on the principle of a pantagraph. The clay model and one or more marble blocks are placed side by side. A guiding point is passed over the surface of the model, powerful burrs eat away at the marble block until a point of perfection is reached, when, as by magic, features and figures grow from the marble, until finally the completed work appears as though seen through a thin veil.



stempl Marble-Carving Machine at Work

In one day the Doyle "discovery" does the work which would occupy a skilled and high-priced carver a month or more. Sir Conan's figure foundry at Battersea opens up an illimitable field for the rapid and cheap production of artistic ornamental work, reliefs, friezes, etc., tion of artistic ornamental work, reliefs, friezes, etc., for architecture. . . . A cousin german of Sir Conan is a "fellow soldier glorious" in strife for the nimble sixpence. As silent partner in the principal literary agencies and syndicates of Europe, he purveys literary wares to a hundred publications. Seeking fallow ground, he is preparing to invade the United States in his missionary researches for talent. Cousin Doyle is a sort of deus ex machina for authors and artists aspiring to break into the literary clique of money-winners, "one of whom they yearn to be which."



Fighting for the Alaskan Coast Line.—The canal and the coast line are about the only interna-

Line.—The canal and the coast line are about the only international complications which are agitating America's diplomatic representatives. Late news from the gold country in the Northwest has revived public interest in the work of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, now sitting in London. Even more amazing than stories of baseball—the latest Dawson craze—played at midnight under the glare of the Arctic sun, are the reports of a farmers' fair held at that city the first week in September. The first exhibition of the Yukon Valley Horticultural Society, including an astonishing array of fruits, flowers, vegetables, and grains—in fact, nearly every growing thing barring magnolias—proved that the Yukon Valley is capable of supporting a large agricultural population. One Arctic Circle settler realized more from a hundred-acre farm at Selkirk on the Yukon than he formerly had from a thousand-acre farm in Wisconsin. . This steady development of the land of gold lends unique interest to the work of the men who are deciding to whom the coast gateways of that country shall belong. British lords may annex America's ducats and daughters before the altar, but the mouse turned in the fight for the gold diggings. Some irreverent American and British subjects (lacking the fear of lèse-majesté) shrewdly suspect that the famous convention was, with due deference to the august councillors, forecast in the harlequinade in "Hamlet": "But is this law? Ay, marry is't; Crowner's quest law." Chief-Justice Alverstone was chosen chairman of the Commission, and at the opening of the case conceded that the problem was simply a matter of definition of treaty terms. The whole question rests on the settlement of whether the outlying islands or the continental line, according to the Treaty of 1825, shall constitute the limits of territory. A concise statement of the case has already appeared in these columns. It is expected that an award will be decided on a pout

already appeared in these col-umns. It is expected that an award will be decided on about the middle of October.

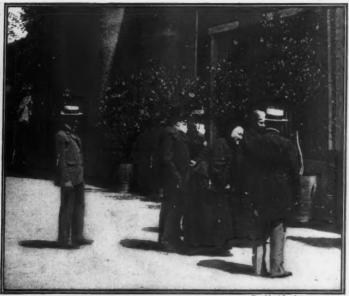


Labor Day and War in Colo rado.—The observance of Labor Day in New York, as well as in the metropolitan cities at large,

had this year more significance than it has had for many years, since Congress in 1894 made it a legal holiday. The unsettled condition of labor in the East, particularly, brought about schisms in the ranks of the workers and continued differences with em-ployers. New York's demonstration was marred by a rupture in the labor ranks over the appearance, as a rupture in the labor ranks over the appearance, as Grand Marshal, of Samuel Parks, a walking delegate of the Housesmiths' Union, whose fame and influence have extended to nearly every city east of the Rockies, in his endeavor to bring about general strikes. Parks, recently sent to State prison for extortion, was released temporarily on a certificate of reasonable doubt. Another part of the country offers savage disruptions in the relations of workers and employers. The strike of the miners in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado assumed such proportions during the first week of this month that Governor Peabody, though threatened with assassination, ordered State troops to the scene of trouble. The Cripple Creek district found itself in the hands of an invading army. Twelve hundred militia were encamped, an arsenal was established in the gold field, and six hundred thousand rounds of ammunition sent with the troops. Governor Peabody ammunition sent with the troops. Governor Peabody announced his intention to preserve the peace and uphold the law even though all the State troops should be required to accomplish this end.



PARADE OF U. S. TROOPS AFTER THE WAR GAME, AT PORTLAND, MAINE



PRESIDENT LOUBET, OF FRANCE, AND HIS AGED MOTHER



AN ENCAMPMENT OF BORIS SARAFOFF, LEADER OF THE MACEDONIAN INSURGENTS, IN THE MONASTIR DISTRICT



Start of the Indian Race

Roping Contest

SEVENTH ANNUAL FRONTIER DAY CELEBRATION HELD AT CHEYENNE, WYOMING, AUGUST 25, 26, 27, 1903. (See Page 22.)



THE FOCUS OF THE TIME

A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF CURRENT EVENTS



"I CRAWLED OUT UPON THE BRANCH TO HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH THE RACCOON

HUNTING WILD ANIMALS WITH A CAMERA

Ernest Harold Baynes

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

NE REASON for the rapidly increasing interest in wild-animal photography is that, for the time and money expended upon it, it gives more satisfying results than do most other forms of outdoor amusement. But there is another reason, viz., that NE REASON for the rapidly increasing interest in wild-animal photography is that, for the time and money expended upon it, it gives more satisfying results than do most other forms of outdoor amusement. But there is another reason, viz., that there is a greater and greater number of people who, while they crave the exhilaration and inspiration which come to one in touch with nature, are coming to have so warm a sympathy for their wild neighbors that they can receive no gratification from any form of sport which involves the mutilation of them with a rife, a shotgun, or a steel trap. To be sure, it is well known that a true sportsman never gets pleasure from the misery suffered by the animals he shoots; but the fact remains that to be successful he must cause misery, and that he seeks and obtains his pleasure notwithstanding the misery he causes. This fact it is which has led the new school of naturalist-sportsmen to adopt as their weapon, not the gun, but the camera. All the pleasures of the glumer are theirs: the exercise, the fresh air, and the limitless freedom of the open. All the satisfaction to be derived from pitting their skill and cunning against those of the wariest creatures of the forest is theirs also. But more than this, in place of the limp carcasses of gentle forest creatures, which have died in a very unequal struggle, these camera sharp-shooters bring back with them faithful portraits of the living game and permanent reco. Is of the doings of happy creatures which they have left to enjoy their wild free lives unharmed.

Naturally, one of the first questions asked by a student of the new school is: "What kind of camera should I buy for wild-animal photography?" Some post-graduate will probably tell him that no single instrument can be made to answer in every case which will arise, and there is some truth in this. But the student need not work for the past year has been done with one outfit. a long-focus camera of the reflex type, fitted with the fastest lens I could buy. With it I have photogra

then to focus on his stationary figure. When he comes out, as he will do, usually in a few moments, he will, as a rule,



graphing a Hawk's Nest Eighty Feet above Grou

strike an interesting attitude for an instant before crawling away. That is the right instant to release the shutter. Snakes are not difficult subjects either, if one is not afraid of them. They assume the most interesting attitudes when brought to bay, and for this reason they should be cornered in some spot where there is good light, and where the background gives sufficient contrast. Here they will coil, and

often remain practically stationary, at the same time assuming the most beautiful curves imaginable.

The successful photographing of wild mammals is a much more difficult matter as a rule. To be sure, there are a few animals, such as the opossum and the porcupine, which any one can photograph if he is lucky enough to come across them. Very often these creatures will not run away at all, and even if they do, they travel so slowly that any one of ordinary agility can keep pace with them until they are glad to stop and be photographed. Most mammals, however, are to be bagged by the camera sharpshooter only at the cost of much time and patience. It is quite an ordinary thing to spend a week in an attempt to get one good picture of a mouse or a fox, and it often happens that when the week is up there is no photograph to show for it. In the first place, most of the small mammals are to a large extent nocturnal, and even when they are found abroad in the daytime they are usually so shy that it is difficult to observe them, let alone photograph them. Squirrels are something of an exception; for, barring the flying squirrel, they are diurnal in their habits, and, moreover, by kindness they can be made sufficiently trustful to allow of one's taking their portraits. I have seen gray squirrels, red squirrels, and flying squirrels so fearless that they would take food from my hand, and although my experience with chipmunks has been rather disappointing from a photographer's point of view, I doubt not that a wider knowledge of these little fellows would lead to more satisfactory results. Flying squirrels I think I understand, and I believe that to some extent they understand me, too. And for this, as much perhaps as for their quiet, gentle dispositions, I love them more than any other wild creatures in the world. I have photographed them, old and young, in the open woods in broad daylight, and the chief trouble I had with one little family was that they persisted in leaping on to my camera again and again, from the result i

and deliberately a skunk drew his body from the hole and, following the trail of the chicken, waddled along to the spot where I had left it. He then seized it by the neck and dragged it off under



YOUNG FOXES COMING OUT OF THEIR DEN







A SKUNK AT DINNER



AN OPOSSUM AND HER YOUNG



A SUCCESSFUL SHOT AS HE SCRAMBLED UP A TREE

A RACCOON WASHING AN EAR OF CORN BEFORE EATING IT

CAMERA SHOTS AT WILD CREATURES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES. (See Opposite Page.)

a nearby brush-heap to devour it. But this was not in accordance with my programme, so I allowed myself to be seen, and when the skunk had taken himself off, I staked the hen securely to the ground. In the course of half an hour a second skunk appeared, and in an effort to carry off the fowl he tore its head off. I was now convinced that my theory was correct, so I quietly drove the skunks away and removed the now headless chicken. Next day I returned, and with a camera hidden in the brush nearby, I repeated my experiments, and after several failures I succeeded in getting a few pictures of the skunks. I tried the same trick on white footed mice, but with indifferent results, and, indeed, I have found these the most difficult animals to photograph which I have yet attempted. This is owing to their small size, combined with their quickness of movement. One of the most interesting experiences I ever had was with a den of young foxes, whose parents had been shot, and which I fed regularly at the mouth of the burrow every day or two for more than a month. I baited with hens, rabbits, rats,

and other animal food, and I obtained a number of

and other animal food, and I obtained a number of photographs of the cubs.

Now and then a camera sharpshooter has an experience which a gambler would call "good luck." Such an experience I had some time ago, when I found a nest of young raccoons in a hollow tree. They proved easy game for me, for all I had to do was to drive away the mother for a time and photograph the youngsters to my heart's content.

Up a Tree with a 'Coon

Quite a different adventure was one I had a year or two ago, when I came upon the tracks of a large raccoon in the mud near the bank of a river. I followed them up, and before long I overtook the animal and "treed" him. Two cameras were secured, a reflex and a long-focus ordinary. With the former I ascended the tree, and, following the raccoon out upon the branch to which he had retreated, I photographed him, and my companion in the meantime was busy photograph-

ing me and my subject from the ground. After lowering the reflex, I crawled out upon the branch to have an interview with the raccoon. Naturally, the animal was in no mood to be trifled with, and when I got near he showed his disapproval by laying back his ears, showing his teeth, and making short rushes at me, meanwhile hissing violently. In the course of the interview the branch broke, but being honest oak it did not part from the tree, and I found myself swaying in the air forty feet from the ground. The raccoon was in the same plight, dangling below me at the end of the branch. He quickly recovered his presence of mind, and the first thing I knew, he was trying to scramble back into the tree over my body. I felt his sharp claws in my legs, and I realized that unless I could stop him they would soon be in my face. So I pushed him off with my knees and one free hand, and he landed on the ground with a thump. I was after him with my camera as soon as I could get out of my predicament, and, chasing him through the undergrowth, I got a successful parting shot at him as he scrambled up another tree.

THE STORY OF A GREAT FRAUD

OF HOW KEEN-WITTED MONEY-LENDERS WERE SWINDLED OUT OF OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION FRANCS

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Illustrated with Photographs by V. Gribayedoff and Cartoon Sketches by C. Leandre

E ARE in the habit of boasting that this is the greatest country on earth—that it outdoes all other countries in everything else. And there is no department of human activity in which we are more fond of asserting our supremacy than in that of financial enterprise. As a fact, however, we have a sister republic which from time to time throws down the glove of defiance, challenging us to show the like of Gallic ingenuity and daring in the manipulation of millions. Most of us remember M. Ferdinand de Lesseps' stupendous Panama scheme and its sorrowful liquidation, with the sequel of De Lesseps' imprisonment. The Panama crash came in 1892. Just a decade later France was the scene of another financial explosion, of which the full particulars are recounted below. It was a small affair compared to the Panama scandal, to be sure, since it involved only the bagatelle of 115,000,000 francs, and was altogether a private enterprise. Nevertheless, the civilized world for more than a year anxiously awaited the conviction of the Humbert-Daurignac family swindling syndicate, now at last safely under lock and key. Their procedure was to borrow large sums of money on the security of a great fortune said to be contained in a strong-box. The wealth in the box could not be touched, as it was under legal seal pending litigation concerning an inheritance. The heritage was precisely this vast sum in the metal box. By the most varied and most tortuous devices the fraud was successfully carried on for something like twenty years. Finally a creditor who had suffered too long insisted upon an official investigation of the valuable strong-box. On the 9th of May, 1962, the box was opened by the authorities—the swindlers having fled in the meantime—and found to be empty. There had never been an inheritance, and all the lawsuits waged round about it had, with the aid of imaginary claimants, been brought on one after the other with the simple object of continuing the game. How it was managed the following tale will tell:

Early History

About the year 1852 a certain Auguste Daurignac, with the look and air of a gentleman and the habits of a rogue, married a woman of humble family, bought a country place at Beauzelle, not far from Toulouse, with her dowry of \$7,000, and set up as a country gentleman. He was lazy, extravagant, worthless; but his peasant wife managed to keep things going and to bring up the five children in a somewhat orderly fashion. In 1871 she died, and the oldest daughter, Marie-Thérèse, known throughout civilization now as



Romain Daurignac expostulate

"La Grande Thérèse" of the Affaire Humbert, be-came the manager of the household.

Thérèse was then only sixteen years old, but she de-served the admiration of her father and the adoration of her brothers and sisters. She was not a good house-keeper in the sense in which her mother would have understood that word. But she had more than her



Therese Humbert at the Bar

father's cleverness at inducing tradesmen to give her what she wanted, and at putting them off with promises. The Daurignac establishment, called the Château d'Oeillet, was conducted upon an astonishing scale, considering the absolute lack of funds behind it.

Near neighbors of these shady but not suspected Daurignacs were the Humberts, one of the leading bourgeoise families of France. Gustave Humbert was distinguished as a lawyer, was becoming famous as a politician and man of affairs. Thérèse's elder brother, Emile, made love to Alice Humbert. Thérèse herself "set her cap" for Gustave Humbert's son, Frederic, two years her junior. All this unknown to Mr. Humbert and his wife, who would not have countenanced such intimacy with a family whose sons and daughters were dowered only with wits.

In 1877, while Frederic Humbert was still a law student at Toulouse, the Daurignacs had to give up their fight for country gentility. The château was sold, and the few thousand francs left after the mortgage was satisfied were invested in government bonds for the children. Thérèse's share brought her an income of one hundred and thirty-nine francs—less than twenty-eight dollars—a year.

This fortune constitutes all that there is or ever was of the "Crawford millions" that enabled La Grande Thérèse to live and maintain her family in splendid luxury for twenty years, borrowing millions and embarking in financial transactions involving no less than seven hundred million francs, nearly one hundred and fifty millions of our money.

After the downfall at Beauzelle, the Daurignacs went to live at Toulouse, where Daurignac engaged in divers businesses of a mysterious and highly precarious kind. Frederic Humbert neglected his law studies to dream away the days with Thérèse, who chafed fiercely under the family misfortunes. Frederic wished to be a painter, but his father was determined that he should be a lawyer. Thérèse's dreaming was to some purpose. She had her life planned out. The first point to be gained was to marry Frederic, a and the Cadet fortunes were mythical?

Baylac fortune used by Thérèse to catch him, and then did he, thoroughly under her spells, enter into the deceiving of his parents about the second fortune? It is just possible—not probable, but possible—that Thérèse duped him as to both. For, until her final breakdown, she had an almost uncanny power of convincing men that false was true. She was one of those rare imaginative liars who first convince themselves of the truth of their own dreams, and so lead their long procession of dupes.

At any rate, on September 7, 1877, Thérèse became Mme. Frederic Humbert, and the young couple went to Paris to live near, and upon, Humbert senior. And soon Thérèse's father was living with her, and her brothers, Emile and Romain, not many doors away. But Humbert senior had no great fortune, nor was he of the sort of men who encourage parasitism. So there followed dreadful years for Thérèse and Frederic, years veiled in mystery that is punctuated only by the records of judgments against them—for food, for clothing, for rent, for furniture. And judgments against old Daurignac also, and against the brothers. Thérèse explained why the two fortunes did not come to her—in the one case the will was improperly drawn; in the other case her own name was improperly drawn; in the other case her own name was improperly spelled in the vital document. Probably by that time old Gustave Humbert had his private opinion of his ingenious, voluble, extravagant, imaginative daughter-in-law—and of his clever, prodigal, shiftless son too. But there is no reason to believe that he ever suspected the real truth.

The crucial year in Thérèse's career was 1881—when

truth.

The crucial year in Thérèse's career was 1881—when she was twenty-six. The elder Humbert had become Minister of Justice—a cabinet office. He selected his son as his first assistant—an excellent selection in one view; for Frederic had, and has, the cleverest kind of brain for matters legal. With this rise, Thérèse forthwith branched out. She created the Crawfords.

Cutting a Wide Swath

It began to be known at Paris that Thérèse Humbert was no ordinary woman, but the heroine of a dazzling romance. Her father had had, so every one began to hear, a rich American friend, a Henri-Robert Crawford, with vast estates in Portugal and a huge bundle of government bonds on deposit at the Bank of France. And, as Mme. Thérèse told every one, this Crawford had died at Nice, in 1877, leaving everything to her. Buton the same day, the day of his death, he had made another will, in which he had left two-thirds of his



property to two nephews and one-third to Thérèse Until the litigation was settled, poor Thérèse would

Until the litigation was settled, poor Therese would get nothing.

Therese and Frederic, and Therese's brothers, Emile and Romain, and her sister Maria, and, no doubt, her father, too, must have been several years in concecting this plot. Nothing could have been more perfect.

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Here are the two wills upon which the whole towering fiction rested:

"I will all my property to Marie-Thérèse Daurignac, ughter of my friend Daurignac. Written in my own and at Nice, 6 Sept., 1877.
"HENRI-ROBERT CRAWFORD."

"This is my will. I wish that after my death all that I possess shall be divided into three parts—one-third to Marie-Thérèse Daurignac, one-third to my nephew Robert Crawford, one-third to my nephew other nephew Henry Crawford. The two last must place in France a capital sufficient to give Marie-Thérèse Daurignac a life income of thirty thousand francs a month.

"HENRI-ROBERT CRAWFORD."

"6 Sept., 1877.

The plot was as simple as it was audacious. Thérèse's brothers, personating the Crawford nephews, engaged provincial, not Paris, lawyers, by mail, to look after their interests. And a strenuous legal controversy began. Nobody on either side raised any question as to the existence of old Crawford, or of his fortune, or as to the validity of the wills. The whole point of the controversy, at first carried on privately through lawyers, was as to the division of the vast wealth. And the Crawford nephews, professing absolute confidence in the honesty of Thérèse, instructed their lawyers to permit the fortune to remain in her custody, sequestered in a strong-box or safe in her house. Finally they agreed to give up their claim, provided they were paid three million francs—a mere fraction of the fortune of forty or fifty million francs.

It was at this stage of the proceeding that Thérèse went into court and put the mythical fortune on

in her house. Finally they agreed to give up their claim, provided they were paid three million francs—a mere fraction of the fortune of forty or fifty million francs.

It was at this stage of the proceeding that Thérèse went into court and put the mythical fortune on a basis on which money could be borrowed upon it. The agreement between her and her husband on the one side, and the Crawfords, acting through their attorneys who never saw them, on the other, was legally drawn up and made valid under the French law of inheritance, by paying seventy-five thousand francs (fifteen thousand dollars). Thérèse had a hard time getting this initial sum, but she got it. And so the Crawford millions were invested with an air of reality. Remember, she was the daughter-in-law of one of the leading men of France, a man noted for his high character. Also it must be borne in mind that at that time no apparent motive for deception existed. All seemed perfectly natural.

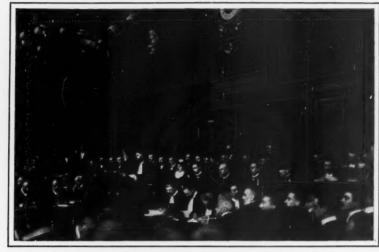
As soon as this agreement was registered and the seventy-five thousand francs paid, Romain Daurignac, writing as the elder Crawford nephew, Robert Crawford, engaged lawyers by mail to make a fight. He professed that he was an invalid, that his brother, Henry Crawford, had made the agreement without consulting him, that the agreement was an outrage, that he would not accept the settlement of three million. Yes, Thérèse was honest, and the fortune could remain in her strong-box pending the settlement of the case. But she must not touch a penny of it.

And soon the battle was raging in the courts, with great lawyers on both sides and hundreds of thousands going out in lawyers' fees. And the money-lenders were effocking to Thérèse, eager to let her have millions, at high interest, to defend her rights. She borrowed right and left—she would pay back all when the case was settled. For, whether the suit went for or against her, would she not be an inheritor of millions on millions? Even if the Crawford nephews got two-thirds, would reason that his fellow-gouger would re

few minutes, and that years ago—the last time in 1892, at Amiens.

From 1882 until 1885 the conspirators lived upon the impending division of the millions under the will—"just as soon as the agreement can be drawn satisfactorily and signed." From 1885 until 1891, they lived upon suits brought by Thérèse and her husband against the Crawfords. From 1891 until 1896, they lived upon Robert Crawford's suit against her brother Henry and the Humberts. From 1896 until 1901, they lived upon suits brought by the Humberts to get a legal interpretation of the agreement. Thérèse was honest, Frederic her husband was conscientious like his father; they did not wish to touch a penny that was not lawfully theirs. From 1901 until the end, 1902, they lived upon a new attack by the Crawfords, an allegation that the Humberts had violated the agreement and had used some of the contents of the sacred strong-box.

Several times doubts were raised: Was the fortune really so large? Did it exist at all? Hadn't it been spent in litigation? etc. Each time—that is, whenever the attack threatened to become dangerous—the fortune was exhibited. This reputable man was present while, in pursuance of the Crawford-Humbert agreement, Frederic Humbert and Henry Crawford opened the safe and checked off the securities. That man of unquestioned uprightness assisted in the withdrawal of half a million francs for reinvestment.



THE FOUR PRISONERS AT THE HUMBERT TRIAL

Therese Humbert may be seen sitting in the prisoner's box, at about the centre of the photograph. On the left sits her husband, Frederic Humbert; next to him, Emile Daurignac, and then Romain Daurign Just below Therese Humbert, bending forward, sits Maitre Labori, the prisoners' counsel, who achiev prominence in connection with the Dreyfus trial; but his great skill was unavailing in this instant

And Thérèse started a huge benevolent-business enterprise, the "Rente Viagère" or "Life Income"— an establishment where people of small means could invest and assure themselves a regular rate of interest, higher than mere sordid money-making institutions paid. The Rente Viagère brought in about eight million francs within three years, and had to pay out less than four millions. than four millions

than four millions.

Counting everything—money spent, money paid back, money got for a few days to make an exhibition—the Thérèse clique handled three-quarters of a billion francs. When it went smash, it owed upward of one hundred and ten million francs—most of it to the big shrewd money-lenders of the kind that are everywhere hated.

hundred and ten million francs—most of it to the big shrewd money-lenders of the kind that are everywhere hated.

During her twenty years' fling, Thérèse one year had bootmaker's bills amounting to \$15,000; and she gave the dressmakers her notes for \$40,000, besides cash payments. She and Frederic had a palace in Paris, another in the country, another in north Africa, several smaller houses, though by no means small, to receive them at various seasons when the weather wasn't just right at their big places. They had a superintendent at a high salary on each estate; their entertainments were the talk of all France, and everybody was courting them, even people of the haughty old aristocracy, which holds aloof from the "common republic." They shone at the Opéra, where Thérèse's jewels were the most resplendent. And the "Crawford brothers"—that is, Emile and Romain Daurignac—lived extravagantly, Romain rather riotously.

Then there was sister Maria, the baby of the family. One of the clauses of the "agreement"—a secret clause, disclosed only when the Crawfords compelled it by their strenuous litigation—was a romance for Maria. To settle all bitternesses and permit the division of the hundred millions—the for-

permit the division of the hundred millions—the fortune grew as its unspent income rolled up - Maria income rolled up — Maria was to marry young Henri-Robert Crawford, son of Robert, and grand-nephew and namesake of the original Crawford. But Maria was sentimental. She did not wish to be married off in this mercenary leveless. not wish to be married off in this mercenary, loveless way. Alternately she yielded to the entreaties of her relations and steeled herself against them. All Paris knew the story, and wherever she went she was the object of sympathy, or of epigrams.

of epigrams.

It is now known that
the letters she and various lawyers at various times received from young Henri-Robert Crawford were written by her own fair hand. She was herself her fiancé.

In April, 1902, there were supposed to be one hundred and fifteen million francs or more in the strongbox in the palace of Mme. Humbert, Avenue Grande Armée, Paris. Thérèse and her husband had won every suit brought by the Crawfords. Maria had just about decided to let the postponed sacrifice of her young

heart go forward. All Paris was crowding about the Humberts. Doubts were being expressed on every side, but none really doubted—how was it possible to doubt such respectability bulwarked by such magnifectures.

Humberts. Doubts were being expressed on every side, but none really doubted—how was it possible to doubt such respectability bulwarked by such magnificence?

An insistent creditor obtained an order for an official inventory of the "strong-box." The court officers were to make the examination on May 9, at one in the afternoon. On May 7, the neighbors of the Humberts noted, without suspicion, dense clouds of black smoke issuing from several chimneys of the palace. All the world knows now that it was the smoke of the burning Crawfords. Therèse and Frederic choked the furnace with their papers, and in the salon of Romain Daurignac's apartment — Romain was Robert Crawford—the fireplace was filled to overflowing. And in Maria's salon young Henri-Robert Crawford was going up in smoke. That night all the conspirators but Emile Daurignac fled to Madrid. Emile went with his wife to the Opéra, occupied "La Grande Thérèse's" box, conducted himself with notable gayety and ease, took his wife home. fled to Lisbon, and presently joined the others at Madrid.

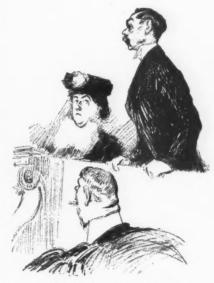
La Grande Thérèse took about half a million francs with her—she borrowed two hundred thousand in England, she got a hundred thousand from the cash drawer of the Rente Viagère—all the money it had. She and her fellow—conspirators lived in disguise at Madrid until December last, when they were captured. As she was embracing the woman in whose house she had lived, she slipped bonds for one hundred thousand francs into her bosom. But the woman was honest and gave them up to the authorities the next day. Paris, all France, followed the

tured. As she was embracing the woman in whose house she had lived, she slipped bonds for one hundred thousand francs into her bosom. But there wasn't. After reiterating each day of the twelve wearisome days of the trial that she would explain all, she ended by giving an explanation which showed how completely her imagination was exhausted. The Crawfords, she said, had deceived her also; they had taken the fortune away from her a few weeks before the crash, and had disappeared with it. And who were the Crawfords? She said she had too late discovered that they were really the relatives of a certain Régnier, a reputed trailor to France and hireling of Germany's in the war of 1870. But it is known that Régnier was far away from France during all the time of the alleged life of the alleged Crawfords. Further, it is absolutely established who the Crawfords were. The fact of colossal fraud stood high above the floods of eloquence from Thérèse's lawyer and the torrents of hysterical but crafty volubility from Thérèse herself. Apart from La Grande Thérèse and her accomplices, the most conspicuous figure in the trial was Maitre Labori, the doughty defender of Dreyfus. On this occasion, too, the subtle advocate pleaded for the accused. His tactics were to wrap up the whole affair in romantic mystery. He advanced the proposition that the story had begun far, far back, before Thérèse Humbert's birth. He mentioned weird personages, among them a certain Spanish priest, who had been seen at Beauzelle when Mme. Daurignac was yet childless. Even then, declared the eminent lawyer, the question existed of a large fortune which somehow was not immediately available. If any fraud had been practiced, Frederic and Thérèse—so Labori inferred—were but the first dupes. He took the ground, indeed, that Mme. Humbert had all along innocently supposed the Crawfords to be actual, living, breathing individuals! The distinguished counsel for the defence spared the court neither reason nor nonsense in his endeavors to obtain an acquittal. Towar

tings has been one which is not that of persons who have had months to arrange be-tween them a system of de-

had month's to arrange between them a system of defence; an awkward attitude was theirs, an attitude that was often incomprehensible, gentlemen, as incomprehensible as reality often is itself, for, do you see, there is nothing that resembles truth more closely than falsehood, and frequently nothing more closely resembles falsehood than truth."

As for the woman Thérèse, her impudence was monumental to the end. This brief quotation from the proceedings, at a stage when she stood fully exposed, shows what she was capable of: (Continued on page 19.)



Frederic Humbert addresses the Judge

WEE



TOOL BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE WEAK

DRAWN BY CHARL

The hero, after a vain search for rest and quiet, falls into



KER SEX.—VI.

CHARES DANA GIBSON

lls into most sensitive condition and frequently suffers from the cold

THE RAJAH OF BUNGPORE

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH: With Illustrations by F. C. YOHN

T WAS THE crush hour at Sherry's. A steady stream of men and women in smart toilettes—the smartest the town afforded—had flowed in under the street awning, through the doorway guarded by flunkeys, past the dressing-rooms and coat-racks, and were now banked up in the spacious hall waiting for tables, the men standing about, the women resting on the chairs and divans listening to the music of the Hungarian band, or chatting with one another. The two cafes were fuil—had been since seven o'clock, every table being occupied except two. One of these had been reserved that morning by my dear friend Marny, the distinguished painter of portraits—I being his guest—and the other, so the head-waiter toil us, awaited the arrival of Mr. John Stirling, who would entertain a party of six.

When Marny was a poor devil of an illustrator, and worked for the funny column of the weekly papers—we had studios in the same building—we used to dine at Porcelli's, the price of the two meals equalling the value of one American trade dollar, and including one bottle of vin ordinaire. Now that Marny wears a ribbon in his buttonhole, has a suite of rooms that look like a museum, manservants and maidservants, including an English butler whose principal business is to see that Marny is not disturbed; a line of carriages before his door on his reception days, and refuses two portraits a week at his own prices—we sometimes dine at Sherry's.

As I am still a staid old landscape painter living up three flights of stairs with no one to wait on me but myself and the ten-year-old daughter of the jenitor, I must admit that these occasional forays into the whirl of fashionable life afford me not only infinite enjoyment, but add greatly to my knowledge of human nature.

As we followed the waiter into the café, a group of half a dozen men, all in full dress, emerged from a side room and preceded us into the restaurant, led by a handsome young fellow seating his guests himself, drawing out each chair with some remark that kept the whole party laughing.

W

followed this substitute for a closer welcome by kissing his hand at him.

Marny returned the courtesy by a similar handshake, and bending his head said in a low voice: "The Rajah must be in luck to-night."

"Who?" I asked. My acquaintance with foreign potentates is necessarily limited.

"The Rajah—Jack Stirling. Take a look at him. You'll never see his match; nobody has yet."

I shifted my chair a little, turned my head in the opposite direction and then slowly covering Stirling with my gaze—the polite way of staring at a stranger—got a full view of the man's face and figure; rather a difficult thing on a crowded night at Sherry's, unless the tables are close together. What I saw was a well-built, athletic-looking young man, with a smooth-shaven face, laughing eyes, a Cupid mouth, curly brown hair, and a fresh ruddy complexion; a Lord Byron sort of a young fellow with a modern up-to-date training. He was evidently charming his guests, for every man's head was bent forward seemingly hanging on each word that fell from his lips.

"A rajah, is he? He don't look like an Oriental."

"He isn't. He was born in New Jersey."

"Is he an artist?"

"Yes, five or six different kinds; he draws better than I do; plays on three instruments, and speaks five languages."

"Rich?"

guages.
"Rich?"

"Rich?"

"No—dead broke half the time."
I glanced at the young fellow's faultless appearance, and the group of men he was entertaining. My eye took in the array of bottles, the number of wineglasses of various sizes, and the mass of roses that decorated the centre of the table. Such appointments and accompaniments are not generally the property of the poor. Then again I remembered we were at Sherry's.

"What does he do for a living, then?" I asked.
"Do for a living? He don't do anything for a living. He's a purveyor of cheerfulness. He wakes up every morning with a fresh stock of happiness, more than he can use himself, and he trades it off during the day for anything he can get."

anything he can get."
"What kind of things?" I was a little hazy over

Marny's meaning.
"Oh, dinners—social, of course—board bills, tailor's "Oh, dinners—social, of course—board bills, tailor's bills, invitations to country houses, voyages on yachts—anything that comes along and of which he may be in need at the time. Most interesting man in town. Everybody loves him. Known all over the world. If a fellow gets sick, Stirling waltzes in, fires out the nurse, puts on a linen duster, starts an alcohol lamp for gruel, and never leaves till you are out again. All the time he is pumping laughs into you and bracing you up so that you get well twice as quick. Did it for



AT HIS FEET KNELT TWO HINDOO MERCHANTS DISPLAYING THEIR WARES

me once for five weeks on a stretch, when I was laid up in my studio with inflammatory rheumatism, with my grub bills hung up in the restaurant downstairs, and my rent three months overdue. Fed me on the fat of the land, too. Soup from Delmonico's, birds from some swell house up the Avenue, where he had been dining—sent that same night with the compliments of his hostess with a 'please forgive me, but dear Mr. Stirling tells me how ill you have been, and at his suggestion, and with every sympathy for your sufferings—please accept.' Oh, I tell you he's a daisy.''

at his suggestion, and with every sympathy for your sufferings—please accept.' Oh, I tell you he's a daisy."

Here a laugh sounded from Stirling's table.

"Who's he got in tow now?" I asked, as my eyes roamed over the merry party.

"That fat fellow in eyeglasses is Crofield the banke; and the hatchet-faced man with white whiskers is John Riggs from Denver, President of the C. A.—worth ten millions. I don't know the others—some bored-to-death fellows, perhaps, starving for a laugh. Jack ought to go slow, for he's dead broke—told me so yesterday."

"Perhaps Riggs is paying for the dinner." This was an impertinent suggestion. I know; but then sometimes I can be impertinent—especially when some of my pet theories have to be defended.

"Not if Jack invited him. He's the last man in the world to sponge on anybody. Inviting a man to dinner and leaving his pocketbook in his other coat is not Jack's way. If he hasn't got the money in his own clothes, he'll find it somehow, but not in their clothes."

"Well, but at times he must have ready money," I insisted. "He can't be living on credit all the time." I have had to work for all my pennies, am of a practical turn of mind, and often live in constant dread of the first of every month—that fatal pay day from which there is no escape. The success, therefore, of another fellow along different and more luxurious lines naturally irritates me.

"Yes, now and then he does need money. But that never bothers Jack. When his tailor, or his shoemaker, or his landlord gets him into a corner, he sends the bill to some of his friends to pay for him. They never come back—anybody would do Stirling a favor, and they know that he never calls on them unless he is up against it solid."

I instinctively ran over in my mind which of my own friends I would approach, in a similar emergency, and the notes I would receive in reply. Stirling must know

they know that he never calls on them unless he is up against it solid."

I instinctively ran over in my mind which of my own friends I would approach, in a similar emergency, and the notes I would receive in reply. Stirling must know rather a stupid lot of men or they couldn't be buncoed so easily, I thought.

Soup was now being served, and Marny and the waiter were discussing the merits of certain vintages, my host insisting on a bottle of '84 in place of the '82, then in the waiter's hand.

During the episode I had the opportunity to study Stirling's table. I noticed that hardly a man entered the room who did not stop and lay his hand affectionately on his shoulder, bending over and joining in the laugh. Stirling's guests, too—those about his table—seemed equally loyal and happy. Riggs's hard business face—evidently a man of serious life—was beaming with merriment and twice as wide, under Jack's leadership, and Crofield and the others were leaning forward, their eyes fixed on their host, waiting for the point of his story, then breaking out together in a simultaneous laugh that could be heard all over our part of the room.

When Marny had received the wine he wanted—it's

extraordinary how critical a man's palate extraordinary now critical a man's palate becomes when his income is thousands a year instead of dollars—I opened up again with my battery of questions. His friend had upset all my formulas and made a laughing-stock of my most precious traditions. "Pay as you go and keep out of debt" seemed to belong to a past age.

keep out of debt" seemed to belong to a past age.
"Speaking of your friend, the Rajah, as you call him," I asked, "and his making his friends pay his bills—does he ever pay back?"
"Always, when he gets it."
"Well, where does he get it—cards?" It seemed to me now that I saw some comforting light ahead, dense as I am at times.
"Cards! not much—never played a game in his life. Not that kind of a man."

times.

"Cards! not much--never played a game in his life. Not that kind of a man."

"How, then?" I wanted the facts. There must be some way in which a man like Stirling could live, keep out of jail, and keep his friends—friends like Marny.

"Same way. Just chucks around cheerfulness to everybody does. As to ready money, there's hardly one of his rich friends in the Street who hasn't a Jack Stirling account on his books. And they are always lucky, for what they buy for Jack Stirling is sure to go up. Got to be a superstition, really. I know one broker who sent him over three thousand dollars last fall—made it for him out of a rise in some coal stock. Wrote him a note and told him he still had two thousand dollars to his credit on his books, which he would hold as a stake to make another turn on next time he saw a sure thing in sight. I was with Jack when he opened the letter. What do you think he did? He pulled out his bureau drawer, found a slip of paper containing a list of his debts, sat down and wrote out a check for each one of his creditors and inclosed them in the most charming little notes with marginal sketches—some in water-color—which every man of them preserves now as souvenirs. I've got one framed in my studio—regular little Fortuny—and the check is framed in with it. Never cashed it and never will. The Rajah, I tell you, old man, is very punctilious about his debts, no matter how small they are. Gave me fifteen shillings last time I went to Cairo to pay some duffer that lived up a street back of Shepheard's, a red-faced Englishman who had helped Jack out of a hole the year before, and who would have pensioned the Rajah for life if he could have induced him to pass the rest of his years with him. And he only saw him for two days! That's the funny thing about Jack. He never forgets his creditors, and his creditors never forget him. I'll tell you about this old Cairo lobster—that's what he looked like—red and clawy.

"When I found him he was stretched in a chair trying to cool off; he didn't even hav

on his feet.

"'Who?' he snapped out. Just as if I had been a book agent.

"'Mr. John Stirling of New York.'

"'Owes me fifteen shillings?'

"That's what he said, and here it is—' and I handed him the silver.

"'Young man,' he says, glowering at me, 'I don't know what your game is, but I'll tell you right here you can't play it on me. Never heard of Mister-John-Stirling-of-New-York in my life. So you can put your money back.' I wasn't going to be whipped by the old shellfish, and then I didn't like the way he spoke of Jack. I knew he was the right man, for Jack doesn't make mistakes—not about things like that. So I went at him on another tack.

"'Weren't you up at Philæ two years ago in a dahabieh?"

"Yes.'

"And didn't you meet four or five young Americans who came up on the steamer, and who got into a scrape over their fare?'

"'I might—I can't recollect everybody I meet—don't want to—half of 'em—' All this time I was standing, remember.

"'And didn't you—' I was going on to say, but he

want to—half of 'em—' All this time I was standing, remember.
"'And didn't you—' I was going on to say, but he jumped from his chair and was fumbling about a book-

jumped from his chair and was fumbling about a bookcase.

"'Ah, here it is!' he cried out. 'Here's a book of photographs of a whole raft of young fellows I met up the Nile on that trip. Most of 'em owed me something and still do. Pick out the man now you say owes me fifteen shillings and wants to pay it.'

"There he is—one of those three.'

"The old fellow adjusted his glasses.

"The Rajah! That man! Know him? Best lad I ever met in my life. I'm dashed if I'd take his money, and you can go home and tell him so.' He did, though, and I sat with him until three o'clock in the morning talking about Jack, and I had all I could do getting away from him then. Wanted me to move in next day bag and baggage, and stay a month with him. He wasn't so bad when I came to know him, if he were red and claw-y."

I again devoted my thoughts to the dinner—what I could spare from the remarkable personage Marny had been discussing, and who still sat within a few tables

of us. My friend's story had opened up a new view of life, one that I had never expected to see personified in any one man. The old-fashioned rules by which I had been brought up—the rules of "An eye for an eye," and "Earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow" etc.—seemed to have lost their meaning. The Rajah's method, it seemed to me, if persisted in, might help solve the new problem of the day—"the joy of living"—always a colossal joke with me. I determined to know something more of this lazy apostle in a dress suit who dispensed sweetness and light at some other fellow's expense.

expense. "Why do you call him 'The Rajah,' Marny?" I

asked.
"Oh, he got that in India. A lot of people like that old lobster in Cairo don't know him by any other

What did he do in India?"

"What did he do in India?"
"Nothing in particular—just kept on being himself—just as he does everywhere."
"Tell me about it."
"Well, I got it from Ashburton, a member of the Alpine Club in London. But everybody knows the story—wonder you haven't heard it. You ought to come out of your hole, old man, and see what's going on in the world. You live up in that den of yours, and the procession goes by and you don't even hear the band. You ought to know Jack—he'd do you a lot of good," and Marny looked at me curiously—as a physician would, who, when he prescribes for you, tells you only one-half of your ailment.

me curiously—as a physician would, who, when he prescribes for you, tells you only one-half of your ailment.

I did not interrupt my friend—I wasn't getting thousands for a child's head, and twice that price for the mother in green silk and diamonds. And I couldn't afford to hang out my window and watch any kind of procession, figurative or otherwise. Nor could I afford to exchange dinners with John Stirling.

"Do you want me to tell you about that time the Rajah had in India? Well, move your glass this way," and my host picked up the '84. "Ashburton," continued Marny, and he filled my glass to the brim, "is one of those globe-trotters who does mountain-tops for exercise. He knows the Andes as well as he does the glaciers in Switzerland; has been up the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, and every other snow-capped peak within reach, and so he thought he'd try the Himalayas. You know how these Englishmen are—the rich ones. At twenty-five a good many of them have exhausted life. Some shoot tigers, some fit out caravans and cross deserts, some get lost in African jungles, and some come here and go out West for big game; anything that will keep them from being bored to death before they are thirty-five years of age. Ashburton was that kind.

"He had only been home ten days—he had spent two years in Yucatan looking up Toltec ruins—when this Himalaya trip got into his head. Question was, who could he get to go with him, for these fellows hate to be alone. Some of the men he wanted hadn't returned from their own wild-goose chases; others couldn't get away—one was running for Parliament, I think—and so Ashburton, cursing his luck, had about made up his mind to try it alone, when he ran across Jack one day in the club.

"'Hello, Stirling! Thought you'd sailed for America.'

in the club.

"'Hello, Stirling! Thought you'd sailed for America.'

"'No,' said Jack, 'I go next week. What are you doing here? Thought you had gone to India.'

"'Can't get anybody to go with me,' answered Ashburton

burton.

"'Where do you go first?"

"'To Calcutta by steamer, and then strike in and up to the foothills.'

"'For how long?'

"'About a year. Come with me like a decent man.'

"'Can't. Only got money enough to get home, and I don't like climbing.'

"'Money hasn't got anything to do with it—you go



HE TOLD THEM FAIRY TALES BY THE HOUR

as my guest. As to climbing, you won't have to climb an inch. I'll leave you at the foothills in a bungalow with somebody to take care of you, and you can stay there until I come back.'

there until I come back.'

"'How long will you be climbing?'

"'About two months.'

"'When do you start?'

"'To-morrow, at daylight.'

"'All right, I'll be on board.'

"Going out, Jack got up charades and all sorts of performances; rescued a man overboard, striking the water about as soon as the man did, and holding on to him until the lifeboat reached them: studied navigation and took obser-

water about as soon as the man did, and holding on to him until the lifeboat reached them; studied navigation and took observations every day until he learned how; started a school for the children—there were a dozen on board—and told them fairy tales by the hour, and by the time the steamer reached Calcutta every man, woman, and child had fallen in love with him. One old Maharajah, who was on board, took such a fancy to him that he insisted on Jack's spending a year with him, and there came near being a precious row when he refused, which, of course, he had to do, being Ashburton's guest.

"When the two got to where Jack was to camp out and wait for Ashburton's return from his climb—it was a little spot called Bungpore—the Englishman fitted up a place just as he said he would; left two men to look after him—one to cook and the other to wait on him—fell on Jack's neck, for he hated the worst kind to leave him, and disappeared into the brush with his retainers—or whatever he did disappear into and with—I never climbed the Himalayas, and so I'm a little hazy over these details. And that's the last Ashburton saw of Jack until he returned two months later."

Many emptied his glass, flicked the ashes

layas, and so I'm a little hazy over these details. And that's the last Ashburton saw of Jack until he returned two months later."

Marny emptied his glass, flicked the ashes from his cigarette, beckoned to the waiter, and gave him an order for a second bottle of '84. During the break in the story I made another critical examination of the hero, as he sat surrounded by his guests, his face beaming, the light falling on his immaculate shirt-front. I noted the size of his arm and the depth of his chest, and his lithe, muscular thighs. I noticed, too, how quickly he gained his feet when welcoming a friend, who had just stopped at his table. I understood now how the drowning sailor came to be saved.

The wine matter settled, Marny took some fresh cigarettes from his silver case, passed one to me, and held a match to both in turn. Between the puffs I again brought the talk back to the man who now interested me intensely. I was afraid we would be interrupted, and I have to wait before finding out why his friend was called the "Rajah."

"I should have thought he would have gone with him instead of staying behind and living off his bounty," I ventured.

"Yes—I know you would, old man, but Jack thought differently, not being built along your lines. You've

"I should have thought he would have gone with him instead of staying behind and living off his bounty," I ventured.

"Yes—I know you would, old man, but Jack thought differently, not being built along your lines. You've got to know him—I tell you, he'll do you a lot of good. Stirling saw that if he went it would only double Ashburton's expense account, and so he squatted down to wait with just money enough to get along those two months, and not another cent. Told Ashburton he wanted to learn Hindustanee, and he couldn't do it if he was sliding down glaciers and getting his feet wet—it would keep him from studying."

"And was Stirling waiting for him when Ashburton came back?"

"Waiting for him! Well, I guess! First thing Ashburton ran up against was one of the black-a-moors he had hired to take care of Jack. When he had left the fellow he was clothed in a full suit of yellow dust with a rag around his loins. Now he was gotten up in a red turban and pajamas trimmed with gewgaws. The black-a-moor prostrated himself and began kotowing backward toward a marquee erected on a little knoll under some trees and surrounded by elephants in gorgeous trappings. 'The Rajah of Bungpore'—that's Jack—had sent him,' he said, 'to conduct his Royal Highness into the presence of his illustrious master!"

"When Ashburton reached the door of the marquee and peered in, he saw Jack lying back on an Oriental couch at the other end smoking the pipe of the country—whatever that was—and surrounded by a collection of Hottentots of various sizes and colors, who fell on their foreheads every time Jack crooked his finger. At his feet knelt two Hindoo merchants displaying their wares—pearls, ivories, precious stones, arms, porcelains—stuffs of a quality and price, Ashburton told me that took his breath away. Jack

feet knelt two Hindoo merchants displaying their wares — pearls, ivories, precious stones, arms, porcelains—stuffs of a quality and price, Ashburton told me, that took his breath away. Jack kept on—he made out he didn't see Ashburton—his slaves bearing the purchases away and depositing them on a low inlaid table—teakwood, I guess—in one corner of the marquee, while a confidential Lord of the Treasury took the coin of the realm from a bag or gourd—or whatever he did take it from—and paid the shot.

"When the audience was over, Jack waved everybody outside with a commanding gesture, and still lolling on his rugs—or maybe his tiger skins—told his Grand Vizier to conduct the strange man to his august presence. Then Jack rose from his throne, dismissed the Grand Vizier and fell into Ashburton's arms roaring with laughter."
"And Ashburton had to foot the bills. I sup-

"And Ashburton had to foot the bills, I suppose," I blurted out. It is astonishing how suspicious and mean a man gets sometimes who mixes as little as I do with what Marny calls "the swim."

Ashburton foot the bills! Not much! Listen, you "Ashburton foot the bills! Not much! Listen, you six by nine! Stirling hadn't been alone more than a week when along comes the Maharajah he had met on the steamer. He lived up in that part of the country, and one of his private detectives had told him that somebody was camping out on his lot. Down he came in a white heat, with a bag of bowstrings and a squad of the 'Finest' in pink trousers and spears. I get these details all wrong, old man—they might have been in frockcoats for all I know or care—but what I'm after is the Oriental atmosphere—a sort of property back-



ALL THE TIME HE IS PUMPING LAUGHS INTO YOU

ground with my principal figure high up on the canvas—and one costume is as good as another.

"When the old Maharajah found out it was Jack instead of some squatter, he fell all over himself with joy. Wanted to take him up to his marble palace, open up everything, unlock a harem, trot out a half-dozen chorus girls in bangles and mosquito-net bloomers and do a lot of comfortable things for him. But Jack said no. He was put here to stay, and here he was going to stay if he had to call out every man in his army. The old fellow saw the joke and said all right, here he should stay; and before night he had moved down a tent, and a bodyguard, and an elephant or two for local color, so as to make it real Oriental for Jack, and the next day he sent him down a bag of gold, and servants, and a cook. Every pedler who appeared after that he passed along to Jack, and before Ashburton turned up, Stirling had a collection of curios worth a fortune. One-half of them he gave to Ashburton and the other half he brought home to his friends. That inlaid elephant's tusk hanging up in my studio is one of them—you remember it."

As Marny finished, one of the waiters who had been serving Stirling and his guests approached our table under the direction of the Rajah's finger, and, bending over Marny, whispered something in his ear. He had the cashier's slip in his hand and Stirling's visiting card.

Marny laid the bill beside his plate, glanced at the

Marny laid the bill beside his plate, glanced at the card with a laugh, his face lighting up, and then passed it to me. It read as follows: "Not a red and no credit. Sign it for Jack."

Marny raised his eyes, nodded his head at Stirling, kissed his finger-tips at him, fished up his gold chain, slid out a pencil dangling at its end, wrote his name across the slip, and said in a whisper to the waiter: "Take this to the manager and have him charge it to my account."

"Take this to the manager and have him charge it to my account."

When we had finished our dinner and were passing out abreast of Stirling's table, the Rajah rose to his feet, his guests all standing about him, their glasses in their hands—Riggs's whiskers stood straight and he was so happy—and, waving his own glass toward my host, said: "Gentlemen, I give you Marny, the Master, the Velasquez of modern times!"

Some weeks later I called at Marny's studio. He was out. On the easel stood a full-length portrait of Riggs, the millionaire, his thin, hatchet-shaped face and white whiskers in high relief against a dark background. Scattered about the room were smaller heads bearing a strong resemblance to the great president. Jack had evidently corralled the entire family—and all out of that dinner at Sherry's

Jack had evidently corrained the entire family—and all out of that dinner at Sherry's.

I shut the door of Marny's studio softly behind me, tip-toed downstairs, dropped into a restaurant under the sidewalk, and dined alone.

Marny is righ. The only way to hear the band is to keep up with the procession. My philosophy is a failure.



THE LOWER SLOPES OF MOUNT WHITNEY





ENTERING THE "CHIMNEY" ON MOUNT WHITNEY

SLEEPING ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE



BRIDGING THE KERN RIVER



Pulling a Rattler's Teeth

THE CAPTURE

URELY few of the visitors who wander along the glass-fronted cages of a reptile house in a zoological garden appreciate the dangers and difficulties attending the capture and care of the scaled and plated creatures that constitute a reptilian collection. Capturing reptiles is, however, a most perilous pursuit. Many of the species most needed in a collection are quite unknown to the animal dealers. This applies particularly to the poisonous snakes, which, unfortunately, are the most difficult of all the reptiles to capture.

The hunt after many reptiles leads the collector into unwholesome countries and far from civilization. Amid intense heat and humidity, he must battle with the undergrowth and strain his eyes for all-but-hidden shapes, some harmless, others provided with fangs so deadly that, strive as he may to save himself, the unfortunate victim who is wounded by these terrible weapons must realize that a serpent's teeth inject a poison that nature has intended to be fatal. The formidable fluid is carried in glands behind the eyes of the reptile. As a safeguard against its action, in the event of possible accident, the collector usually carries a tube of antitoxin. Sometimes the remedy has been known to work with excellent results and life has been saved, but there are as many contrary instances on record.

At one time it was found that the reptile house of the New York Zoological Park was badly in need of various species of southern reptiles. Accompanied by Keeper Snyder of the reptile department, the writer left the metropolis in August for a collecting tour in the South, through what his friends referred to humorously as "the fever belt." On one expedition we captured four hundred and nine reptiles.

Hunting in Southern Swamps

Our collecting ground was far from civilization and traversed by a few meandering roads. From the simple colored folk we derived some aid, but their veneration for our efforts was so tremendous as to take the place of energy. On all sides were stretches of savanna and lagoon. From the waters of these at night a mist rose slowly—so slowly, indeed, as to take an hour or more to reach the tops of the tall swamp pines, where it stopped and stratified. Through this a faint, blue glare came from the moon, and then it was that our colored friends would inform us that the demon Fever had embraced the land.

Finding the heat too oppressive to do more than

rinding the heat too oppressive to do more than noose the smaller reptiles from the road ditches during the day, we went into the swamps in the early evening, provided with a powerful acetylene lamp. Our outfit was simple, consisting of canvas bags for captive specimens, an abundance of copper-wire nooses, several bamboo poles, and the lamp. Starting one moonlight night into a canebrake swamp, we bade good-by to the colored folk who had gathered to see us off, in wide-eyed amazement. The swamps had not yet begun their nightly steaming, although from the distance the surface of the lagoons looked blurred and white. Penetrating some distance into the canes, we arrived upon the edge of a particularly promising bog.



Seizing a Harmless Snake



A Peaceful Captive

By Raymond L. Ditmars

Assistant Curator of the New York Zoological Park

Snyder stopped short and stared fixedly at something. "A big fellow!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a ring of excitement in his voice; and without doubt it was. Protruding from the coffee-colored water was the green, turtle-like head of a cotton-mouth moccasin. In a moment the snake turned our way and threw open its jaws, disclosing the cottony-white interior which gives the creature its name. Fastening a noose over the end of the pole, Snyder settled the wire slowly over the creature's head and pulled. Amid surroundings of a nature that tend to take all levity from a man, the sight that followed was startling. As the dark-green body, inflated with an angry breath, came thrashing from the water, the jaws yawned wickedly and disclosed a pair of fangs that yearned to wreak vengeance upon the captor. Again and again these sharp and deadly instruments grated upon the pole, leaving glistening drops of amber fluid where they touched. Casting the snake upon the driest ground in reach, we pinned its head firmly down with a piece of cane and grasped it by the neck. This process, if properly executed with a poisonous snake, renders the reptile entirely helpless. The serpent must be grasped immediately behind the head, without allowing the smallest fraction of an inch of the neck between the head and one's fingers. When grasped in this manner, the reptile's jaws fly open and shut in such a manner that even the well-seasoned snake-hunter feels nervous, lest his grip should fail after a suddent twist on the part of the beast. Once caught by the neck, the reptile is easily dropped into a bag, when the hunt is resumed. That night resulted in the capture of many cotton-mouths, all of which are now thriving in the reptile house of the Zoological Park.

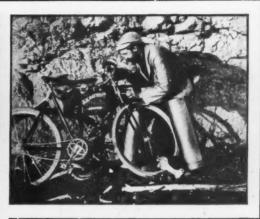
More than once, as we struggled through the canes in making our way to the open through the rising fumes of miasma, did the writer experience feelings of uneasiness as the serment-ledden hages surung against our

all of which are now thriving in the reptile house of the Zoological Park.

More than once, as we struggled through the canes in making our way to the open through the rising fumes of miasma, did the writer experience feelings of uneasiness as the serpent-laden bags swung against our bodies. Strange creatures we must have seemed to the colored population of that little settlement when, besmeared with mud, we emerged from the swamps, heralded by the blinding white plare of the big acetylene lantern and laden with bags of writhing snakes.

The majority of venomous snakes when approached throw themselves into a coil and seek to frighten their aggressor by an attitude of hostility. Their thick, powerful bodies, not being designed for speed, they depend upon their fangs in cases of emergency. With the harmless snakes affairs are quite different. Upon scenting danger these reptiles immediately start upon a sinuous glide, and they can move with a rapidity that often sets a man upon the full run after them. It is simply a question of grabbing the reptile before it reaches cover. The collector does not trouble about being bitten. Beyond a few, simple lacerations no damage can be done, and any snake-hunter who would allow a harmless reptile to get away rather than feel the creature's teeth could not make his trip pay in the showing of reptiles captured.

The most shy and difficult reptiles to capture are the water-snakes. So nervous as to start at a shadow, they must be stalked with a patience that causes the collector to feel himself a real martyr, especially when mosquitoes are numerous. Not a finger can be moved. The object is to slip the noss over the serpent's head as it lies quietly sunning itself by the water. With the huge mosquitoes of the warm latitudes attacking face, neck, and hands, one is in constant agony. A friend of mine tried recently a most ingenious method of catching water-snakes, and was rewarded with complete success. Taking a number of medium-sized fish, he tied them by the gills with twine along



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SNAKES OF

anchored to the log. One by one the strings were cut and the snakes bagged, each of them plus a fish, together with several inches of twine.

It is often a matter of speculation among visitors as to how the great constricting snakes are caught. They are not especially rapid in locomotion—although capable of dealing a lightning-like bite, followed by severe lacerations from their long, recurved teeth—and therefore it is generally possible to slip a strap-noose over the head. After this formidable member is thus, secured, it is simply a question of muscle. To successfully manage and bag a python of fifteen feet, two men at least must work with all their might, and even then are in danger of being caught in the serpent's powerful folds. A dozen men had all they could do to stretch and measure the twenty-five foot snake "Czarina," when that giant arrived at the reptile house.

But of all the exciting times I have had with reptiles, one stands out with special distinctness in my memory. The participants in the incident were two men and two king cobras. Incidentally it might be explained that the king cobra is the most deadly snake known. It also attains the greatest dimensions of any of the poisonous snakes. This serpent is simply a huge relation of the deadly and much dreaded cobra-de-capello or hooded cobra of India. Word came to the Park that some king cobras were in town. As the dealer was more than anxious to get the dangerous brutes off his hands, we started for the place at once. At the dealer's, Snyder and I were confronted by a serious state of things. A new man had been assigned to the snakeroom, and in the course of affairs had accidentally left several of the glass doors unlocked. In consequence there had been an exodus of pythons; more serious still, the cobras were loose. Having with us a large valise, and, moreover, our minds being made up to go back with the snakes, we started for that room with an assurance from the dealer's men that we should be carried out dead. With these cheerful promises soundi

Face to Face with a Cobra

Upon arriving at the snake-room matters were not found entirely favorable for work. The room was about twenty-five feet square, well littered with old boxes and plentifully sprinkled with pythons. None of these evinced any undue amount of docility, and we were kept busy poling them' into a corner for a half-hour or more before hunting the cobras. One thing we had not noticed. A snake of fully fifteen feet lay coiled upon a shelf nearby. However, we discovered him later. With the floor fairly clear of the pythons, Snyder poked about the boxes with a pole. He had scarcely started the operation when something unexpected happened. A pale-green body rose suddenly from the tumbled pile and assumed the majestic attitude of the cobra. Precarious as was the situation, we involuntarily paused for a moment to admire the creature's grace. But delay was serious. We were in truth confronted in a room twenty-five feet square with a snake possessing the reputation of rushing to the at-



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tack. Whether or not the cobra did such things we were not sure, as there has always been much controversy on the subject. Suffice it to say, however, we knew the danger of the creature's fangs and the characteristic of all cobras—of forcibly ejecting the venom some distance. A drop in the eye, and the result is unpleasant to contemplate.

"I'll noose him," whispered Snyder, who was provided with the ever-ready article. He had not yet made ready to slip the noose over the snake's head when something else happened. With a hiss that sounded like the opening of a safety-valve, a glittering head and neck shot from somewhere overhead. Then it was that we discovered the python on the shelf. This outburst from the python was followed by the appearance of cobra number two, and in a part of the room that caused us to retreat with alacrity. The situation was now so intensely interesting that something had to be done in a hurry. In desperation, Snyder made a hurried reach to noose the first cobra, and was successful. We pulled him down to the floor, from his graceful pose, and after throwing a gunny-sack over his head and neck, felt along the latter part of his body until we had him behind the head. Needless to say it was a careful process, and when we had him in a bag, perspiration was standing on our faces in beads, although the room was not unduly warm. The second cobra, which had watched the operation with eyes that fairly glowed with rage, was put through a like series of manœuvres, when we carried them to the Park in the big valise. I sincerely hope that never again shall I experience so much anxiety crowded into so short a space of time.

anxiety crowded into so short a space of time.

It is not alone in the capture of reptiles that danger is involved. The care of these creatures is constantly taxing, the ingenuity of their keepers and demanding a certain amount of risk on their part. The tropical vipers are frequently embarrassed in shedding their skins, owing to the lack of humidity in this climate. On such occasions they are helped out of the cuticle by their keepers amid a display of hostility that betokens no gratitude for the assistance. Holding the snake by the neck with one hand, the keeper peels off the loose skin with the other. With particularly vicious specimens, two men are necessarily employed—one to hold the snake, the other to do the "shedding" process. A

cage containing ten of the deadly West Indian lance-head vipers, known as the "fer-delance," was regularly treated in this manner, none of the snakes being able to shed their skins without help.

One of the most extraordinary features in volving danger in the care of reptilian charges occurred in relation to the colony of giant tortoises on exhibition in the Zoological Park. Without doubt, these wonderful creatures constitute the most eccentric exhibit in the Park. The sole surviving representatives of the times when reptile life attained astounding proportions, these tortoises are now practically extinct in a wild state. The specimens concerned were procured by a special expedition on one of the volcanic islands of the Galapagos group, in the Southern Pacific. The largest specimen, weighing three hundred and ten pounds, and estimated to be over four hundred years old, was discovered among volcanic rocks some twelve miles from the coast. Improvising a stretcher-like apparatus, eight men labored for nearly a week in bringing the ponderous brute to the waiting vessel. Upon arrival at the Zoological Park, the tortoises were placed in an inclosure in front of the reptile house, in the centre of which stood the cage containing the trained orang-outangs. Not long after the arrival of the tortoises all of the orangs fell ill and died. This was a shock to the Park and to the public. Everything in the line of medical skill was called into play, but the disease baffled all attempts at cure. Experts performed the post-mortem examinations and made startling discoveries.

The Immune Tortoise

It was ascertained that the orangs had succumbed to an infection of a highly dangerous kind, known only to tropical countries. The germ, it was explained, had often caused fatalities among soldiers in warm countries. It was feared an epidemic might break out among the animals, and the disinfecting of cages was rigidly carried out. The writer then made an examination of the big tortoises. He was astonished to find that each of the reptiles was a nest and breeding field of the formidable organisms mentioned. Being cold-blooded, and possessing the most tenacious vitality, the germs have absolutely no effect upon tortoises. From the time of the discovery, the eccentric creatures have crawled over disinfected bedding, and their quarters are regularly treated to germicidal cleansing at frequent intervals.

Quail and Grouse Shooting By Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.

By Leonidas

IF ONE undertook to name the best section of country for bird-shooting, he would have to face a very difficult problem. The shooting varies so greatly in the same locality with different seasons, that what was excellent last year may be very poor this year. A good instance of this is found to-day in Wisconsin. A few years ago that State offered some of the best shooting to be had in the whole country. Then came a season of unusual rains, and the nests, which are always on the ground, were drowned out. Thousands upon thousands of eggs never hatched, and thousands of young birds perished in the nests. That season was followed by a very severe winter, when snow covered the ground for so long a time that the birds starved and froze to death. Many a region of the North has had a similar experience. In 1887 the birds were so scarce in Michigan that the Legislature enacted a law prohibiting quail-shooting for a term of five years. In two years, however, the law was repealed, and very rightly, for the reason that the birds were then quite plentiful. This was something of a surprise to the uninitiated, for many had been prophesying their total extinction. Their return was easily explainable; for the birds are very prolific, from fifteen to twenty eggs in a nest being the common thing, while cases are on record where a nest contained over thirty eggs. are on reco

Haunts of the Game

Overshooting, floods, and severe winters are the influences that now and then cause a scarcity of quail. These difficulties are letaliable to be met in the Southern States, where one seldom or never finds such a condition as that under which Wisconsin has suffered. In Mississippi, for instance, the season opens October r and ends May 1; yet, in spite of the fact that the planters shoot and invite their friends to shoot, and in spite of the fact that the planters shoot and invite that negroes trap the birds by dozens, there are always quail in any number. The quail laws of Tennessee and of Arkansas are practically the same, and those States, too, very rarely report a scarcity of birds. Northern sportsmen have complained of the laxity of Southern game laws, but when one stops to think that no birds are killed by severe winters, and that the wild land is very extensive, he realizes that there is excuse for a longer period of shooting than is allowed further north.

But while the shooting in the Southern

period of shooting than is allowed further north.

But while the shooting in the Southern States is more constant, that of many portions of the North is often just as good. One may find the best of quail-shooting on Long Island, in New Jersey, throughout New York State, with the exception of some portions of the Adirondacks, and in all the States of the Middle West. Taking upland bird-shooting as a whole, perhaps one can not find better anywhere than in the State of New York.

One of the hardest things for a man from the Middle West to believe is that there should be game in any quantities in so old a State. That it is here is due to two or three sets of causes. Grouse exist because there are great sections that, with the exception of having lost their primeval forests, are as wild

as they were a century ago. Much of Long Island from which the timber has been cut away is grown up to scrub oak, and to-day the thickets stretch away for miles upon miles. Likewise in the mountains in the southern part of the State, the Catskills, the Shawangunks and the west, the primeval forest went its way, but the land not being fit for cultivation, no farms came to take its place, and the region grew up to scrub into which men to-day do not go save for sport, unless on occasions a wood-chopper or hooppole-cutter invades it to ply his humble calling. In this thrives the ruffed grouse, less prolific than the quail, yet persisting year after year with apparently no great decrease in numbers, for it is many times as difficult to shoot as the smaller and more civilized bird.

Quail persist, first of all, because they are such rapid breeders. Contributory causes are the protection given by game laws, and increase in numbers by importation from other parts of the country for the game preserves of millionaire sportsmen and the large sportmen's clubs. This sort of thing has become common. There are at least three men in New York City whose business is the procuring of birds for preserves, and they have brought quail from Mississippi, the Indian Territory, and Arkansas for a score or more of the Long Island preserves, and for twice or thrice as many more private estates on the mainland cf New York and New Jersey. These birds have done nearly as much good to the general shooting public as to the men who bought and paid for them. For quail can not be tied to a preserve, but will wander and breed upon the surrounding lands. And another great factor in the saving of the quail, in East and West alike, has been the friendship of the farmer. Many a farmer who cares nothing whatever for squirrels, rabbits, or grouse is a friend of the quail and will not allow them to be shot upon his land.

The Swift-winged Grouse

The Swift-winded Grouse

One of the good points of Eastern birdshooting is that quail and grouse may, as a usual thing, be hunted on the same day, for their cover lies often side by side. For grouse the hunter leaves the open and takes to dry swamp or thick undergrowth. The grouse is a silent bird in the shooting season, and is seldom found in coveys. The dog comes to a stop. The quail in the sportsman's bag flew in open air over low cover, but the grouse is up like a shot and away through the trees. If one can imagine an animated baseball being struck by a powerful batter in the midst of a thick wood, and having such power to change its direction that it never strikes a tree, but puts every possible bit of brush between itself and the hunter, he will have a very good idea of how the grouse appears to the novice. The man who learned to shoot over the trap and the man who takes careful aim will, ten to one, stand and let the first bird dash away without firing a



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shot. It is the shooter who has attained that peculiar skill which men do attain, yet which they can not account for—the skill that enables them to throw a gun-barrel in the right direction without ever glancing over its top—that wins on grouse, and even he will miss more often than he hits. But the greater the difficulty the greater the thrill of success, and when one can bring down even a fair proportion of the streaks of grouse at which he aims he will go home at night with a glow in his heart.

The Story of a Great Fraud

(Continued from Page 11)

"Mme. Humbert: 'All that I say is true. I do not wish M. Vallé to verify, I wish for my acquittal. After it I shall do my duty as I always have done; all my creditors will find me at home. I promise you that if any one comes with an offer to lend me money I will turn him out of the house. (Laughter, I have said everything I had to say, and I await my fate with full and complete confidence."

When Thérèse began her "grand" career, she was a young woman of thirty. Now she is a homely, broken woman of nearly fifty. And Frederic is old, and the Daurignac brothers, youths at the outset, are middle-aged men. Maria, so long the reluctant, sentimental young fiancée, is a faded old maid. For twenty years they have lived at the rate of half a million a year—francs, in France almost equal to dollars. For twenty years they have lived at the very top. They fell as suddenly as they rose—neither at the beginning of their career nor at the end was there any transition. And, as they robbed chiefly shylocks, the jury let them off lightly. Five years of solitary confinement for Thérèse and Frederic; three years' imprisonment for Romain, two for Emile. There were no charges against Maria—it is not a crime to forge love-letters to one's self.

After sentence had been pronounced—five years, by the way, was also the term allotted to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps—the convicted criminals chatted casually for a few minutes with their lawyers before being taken away. Then came 'the parting. Thérèse kissed her husband three times on each cheek, without a sigh, without a single token of weakness. Handshakes were exchanged all round, the last between Mme. Humbert and Maître Labori. To him, as she left the courtroom, she nodded in the most 'affable manner, saying: "Au revoir, et merci."

Is Thérèse an able woman? The answer must be, no. Craft she has, and amazing ability at convincing others with her peasant like appearance of commonness and stolid honesty. But her scheme, developed slowly and awkwardly from those petty deceptions about inheritanc

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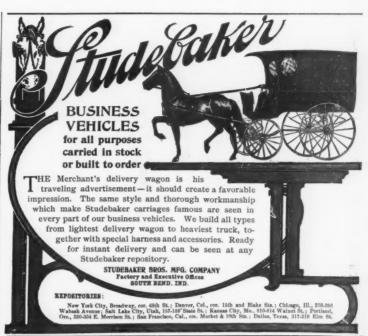
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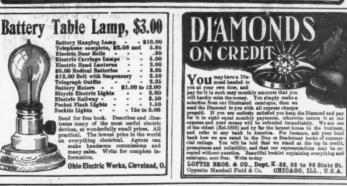
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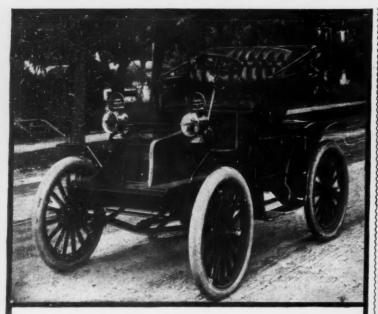
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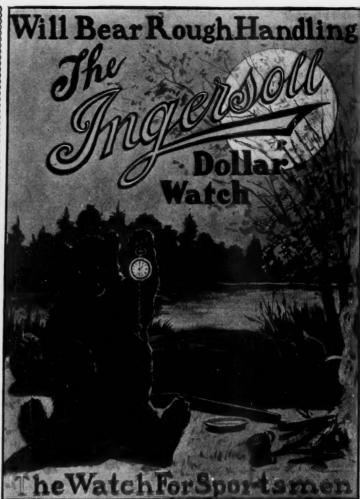
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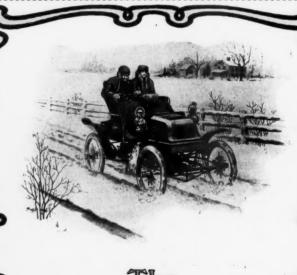
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The Ascent of Mount Whitney

By Asahel Curtis

NE OF THE MOST interesting organizations in the Western States is the Siera Club of California. Believing that the beauties of the great Sierras had not been fully appreciated even by mountain lovers, the members of the club a few years ago determined to attract popular interest to the mountain ranges of California by conducting annual outings among the highest peaks. Success quickly rewarded the efforts of these amateur mountaineers, the number of those who joined their annual outings steadily increasing, until this year the party numbered one hundred and ten.

The club's outing this season was to Kern River Canyon and Mount Whitney. Campequipage and supplies sufficient for five weeks were transported one hundred miles across high mountain-passes into the heart of the region of peaks reaching altitudes of from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet. The country traversed was but little known, maps were useless, so the mountaineers added a feat in exploration to that of climbing one of the highest mountains in the United States.

After a two days' stage drive, from Viselia

of the highest mountains in the United States.

After a two days' stage drive, from Visalia to Mineral King, the party walked twenty miles across the divide to their camp in Kern Canyon, one of the glacial gorges whose beautiful domes and walls still bear the scars of the flowing ice, that formed it. Here a week was spent in tramping and fishing, thus getting the party in physical condition for the trip to the base of Mount Whitney.

The eighth day was spent in preparing for the eight-day trip to come. Shoes were renailed with heavy hobnails, and the strongest wearing apparel was selected. Every unnecessary article was left behind, for only fifteen pounds of baggage was allowed, including sleeping bag or blankets.

Thus equipped, the party crossed the Kern and ascended Volcano Creek, to its source, near the main divide between the Kern and Owens Valleys, and followed this divide, at an altitude of between eight thousand and ten

thousand five hundred feet, to the base of Mount Whitney. During the entire trip every one slept in the open air, rolled up in blankets or sleeping-bags. No rain fell and there was no dew, so one had only to find a dry place in the sand, wriggle into a comfortable position, and sleep.

On the morning of the ascent the party breakfasted at half-past three, and were on the march a little after four. The five miles to the base of the mountain was quickly covered, with frequent short rests to prevent overexertion, dangerous at this altitude. The real climbing on Mount Whitney begins at Langley's camp, at an altitude of eleven thousand six hundred and twenty-five feet, and continues until the broad crest of the mountain is reached at about fourteen thousand feet. For eight hundred feet great granite bowlders were encountered, and over these the party made their way, switching back and forth across the mountain in order to gain elevation until the base of a "chimney," or rock gorge, was reached. Here the way led upward over bowlders between two sheer walls of granite blocks. For five hundred feet we toiled up this gorge with hands, feet, and elbows in action, finally coming to the slope that leads to the summit, which was reached before nine o'clock.

The most striking feature of Mount Whitney is the tremendous abyss on the eastern rim of the summit, one sees only the ragged rocks around its base, and, beyond, the farms and orchards, ten thousand six hundred feet below. It is like a world seen from a balloon, and the height makes one dizzy. The members signed the club register, which was left in the monument, and then explored as far as possible the base of the peaks which, on every side except the east, rose in chaotic masses, their summits all over fourteen thousand feet, seamed and scarred by chasms and gorges. Geologists have found here splendid examples of the action of glaciers during the loce Age.

Simple Camp Cookery

By W. B. Thornton

T CHANCED that just as the shadows grew long on the western shore of one of the Saranac lakes, one August afternoon last summer, our little canoe grounded on a thickly wooded point. The location was pleasant, and preparations for the night's camp were soon began. All unexpectedly visitors arrived from an unsuspected cottage (they persisted in the pleasant fiction of calling it a "camp") not far distant. For a while they watched the pitching of the tent, but interest soon centred in the culinary department. A pea soup was sending forth an appetizing odor and a freshly caught pickerel sputtered cheerfully in the frying-pan.

"Don't you find camp fare rather monotomous?" inquired the good housewife among the visitors.

"That's what always killed camping for me," remarked another. "I like being out and all that sort of thing, but camp fare is—well, I can stand it for a day or so, but then I want to get where I can get some ning to eat."

Iust there lies the secret of nine-tenths of

and all that sort of thing, but camp fare iswell, I can stand it for a day or so, but then I want to get where I can get some offing to eat."

Just there lies the secret of nine-tenths of the dismal failures of camping parties, which have neither a guid nor professional chef. Contentment of the stomach is vital to complete enjoyment of camp life.

Each summer finds more and more people seeking health and recreation in the closer communion with nature afforded by camping out. By this I mean true "camp" life, so-journing in a lean-to or under cauvas in a sort of civilized barbarism, a getting back to a semblance of primitive life, a rubbing of elbows, as it were, with the great "out-of-doors." For the inexperienced who would thus "camp out," doing their own work and "roughing it" in honest fashion, these hints on the preparation of a simple and practical cuisine are offered.

For the permanent camper—that is, the one who has no intention of changing his abode during the time of his outing—there are canned goods in endless variety, and on each can are full directions for cooking and serving. But for the cruiser, the "voyageur," who must count every ounce of weight, and whose outfit consists of a kettle, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan, a very narrow limit is placed on canned goods. And, at best, an ordinary "canned" menu gets monotonous. However, some canned goods are desirable. Bacon is, and must ever be, the food par excellence of the camper. You who have never come in from a hard day's tramp or paddle, to have eager nostrils greeted with the odor of sizzling bacon and the aroma of freshly made coffee-mingled with the spicy breath of the jine forest—you, I say, have yet to know the fulness of life. Bacon may be, usually is, taken by the side and sliced as wanted. However, I prefer the canned. It is usually of better quality, is sliced thinner than you can easily slice it yourself, thus making a daintier and more appetizing dish; does not have to be guarded from flies or thieving weasels, and, lastly, is not conti

leaving skin on. Pour off half your bacon fat and fill the frying-pan heaping full of apple. As it fries down, stir to bring all into the fat and to keep from burning. Cook until no hard pieces remain. Sweeten to taste before removing from fire. Bacon and apples served thus in camp make a dish for a king. Slices of stale bread fried in bacon fat will afford a welcome variation. Be sure that the fat is as hot as possible, as then the bread will not soak it up.

Canned baked beans are always a welcome dish in camp. To a can of beans add half a can of corn, and heat, stirring thoroughly. Save the remainder of the corn to stir into the flapjack batter in the morning. Corn flapjacks are among the things which make camp life worth while. There are several prepared flours which require no more than the addition of water to make very palatable pancakes. However, milk is always preferable, and an egg is a distinct addition. The egg will help out when milk is not available. Condensed milk can be used quite as well as fresh. Be sure to thin it enough, as otherwise your cakes will be too short and will break. Blueberries or huckleberries stirred in furnish a delicious variety. Fry on the first side until nearly done through, then turn and brown the other side. This way the berries will not stick to the pan as badly as otherwise. In like manner clams or oysters can be put in if you chance to be where they are available.

A variety of condensed soups come in powder form, are convenient, easily prepared, and, when well seasoned, furnish a delicious first course. Of these "Erburust," a German preparation of pea soup, is perhaps the best. A flavoring of beef extract added makes as fine a soup as any chef could desire. Evaporated vegetables, called "Julienne," add much to these soups.

A few cans of smoked beef come in nicely. Frizzled beef can be prepared in a very palatable manner, even though butter and fresh milk be of the unattainable. Freshen the beef by scadding in hot water. To a table-spoonful of cold bacon fat, add a l



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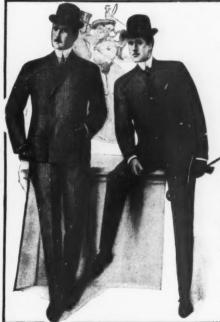
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Hunting the Moose By Harry Palmer

MONG the representatives of the few species of American big game left for the hunter's rifle, none is more highly prized by sportsmen than the moose, that antlered monarch of the northern forests. Its size and strength proclaim its superiority over all other game, excepting, perhaps, the carnivorous tribe. To kill a moose and exhibit his head on hall or library wall, as evidence of expert sportsmanship, is the ambition of many but the achievement of few. For these animals, although great of bulk, and comparatively easy marks when within range, are exceedingly wary, and difficult to come up with. Furthermore, they are too far removed from the average city sportsman to make their pursuit a feasible undertaking to any but persons possessed of some wealth; and they are by no means overplentiful.

The Dominion of Canada, and some few of

plentiful.

The Dominion of Canada, and some few of the States of the Union bordering thereon, are the only breeding and ranging grounds of the moose. Maine to-day offers far sport to the moose hunter, and the far Western States bordering the Dominion continue to yield a limited number of antiered herds analysis.

yield a limited number of antlered herds annually.

The further north the stamping grounds, the larger seem the specimens met with. The record heads in possession of American sportsmen to-day are of animals killed in Alaska. One of the largest of these is now the property of a gentleman of New York City; the spread of antlers is seventy-seven inches, and they were carried by a monster weighing something over fifteen hundred pounds, and standing over seven feet in height from fore-hoof tip to top of shoulder. Many magnificent heads, however, have been taken in Maine, and as the Pine Tree State is to the majority more accessible than those other localities, most of the antlered trophies exhibited to-day were borne through the forests of that great State by their original wners.

A Noble Animal

A Moble Animal

A more imposing head than that of the moose has been given by nature to no game animal. The great palmated antlers, tipped with sharp tines, surmount a massive head covered with coarse hair of a chocolate tinge, the great muscular neck supporting both head and antlers as easily and gracefully as though their composition were of papier maché. The eye is small and dark in color, and cruel and wicked in expression when its owner is angry. The long and awkwardly shaped nose, bulging with the series of air chambers which nature has wisely provided as a means of warming the icy air of the North before it shall have reached the lungs, and the pendent "bell" that adorns the throat, complete a head at once awe-inspiring and grand to look upon.

Next to his rifle, the chief essential to a moose hunter's success is an experienced guide. Few men not trained in the mysteries of woodcraft, and more or less familiar with the region hunted, can be sure of keeping their bearings in the vast forests through which wind the runways of the moose of ever sighting their game. Moose may be killed by tracking, still-hunting, or "calling," each of which methods requires great patience and caution. Of the three, "calling," each of which methods requires great patience and caution. Of the three, "calling," is perhaps the most attractive and exciting. The calling is done through a birch-bark megaphone, which any guide, by the use of a clasp knife, can construct within a few minutes' time. The sound thus produced is simply an imitation of the long, quavering call uttered by the cow moose during the mating season, when she desires an antlered consort. The artifice, as a rule, is resorted to at night, preferably with a full moon shining.

Perfect familiarity with the "moose langage" is necessary, if the call is to be imitated successfully; for a bull moose is exceedingly circumspect and suspicious, and a poor imitation will alarm him as surely as a good one will alure him. As the long, mournful wail from the megaphone, precede

Perfect coolness and self-control become essential as the bull approaches, and at the critical moment, when he has been decoyed to the shore, or to the centre of a selected clearing, nerves must be steady and action prompt. Should the bull be lured thus far, his suspicions, as a rule, have been allayed, and he comes crashing through the saplings, intent only upon finding a mate. Into the clearing or up to the water's edge he stalks, sniffing the air, and perhaps throwing up his great head for a final bellow. Then is the crucial instant for the waiting sportsman. Should the first shot miss, the bull not infrequently, as though paralyzed with fear or charged with turiosity, will stand long enough for a second shot. If only wounded, he will wheel and plunge into the forest, travelling as far as his wound will permit him to go, on which latter event the hunter must wait for daylight to track his quarry. Moose are not naturally of a belligerent

disposition, although many sportsmen re-cord having been attacked by them, or having avoided an encounter, in the closed season only by discreetly withdrawing from the premises. Certain it is that no grander big game roam the forests of America to-day, and, with the continued enforcement of pro-tective game laws, the moose should afford rare sport for many years to come.

Frontier Day in Wyoming

WYOMING'S seventh annual Frontier celebration was held at Cheyenne, August 25, 26, and 27. This unique festival originated some years ago, and is in a fair way to become a permanent annual fête. It seeks to preserve the customs of the pioneers of the wild West and to revive the spirit of the early days.

Cowboys are numerous on Frontier days. They are most picturesque, with their broad hats, bronzed faces, bright shirts, and shaggy "chaps." Ordinarily, when they come to town, they wear "store clothes" and "biled shirts," and look so much like other people that they are not easily distinguished as cowboys. But Frontier Day would be nothing without them, and it is the one time of the year when all may see them in their regulation costume, and learn that they have lost none of their pristine daring, skill, and rapidity, as every exhibition shows.

The Indians present on this occasion were Arapahoes and Shoshones, in from their reservations, and all bedangled and bedecked with feathers, ribbons, bells, and all sorts of trinkets. One of the oddest decorations was a necklace of bits of looking-glass which flashed royally in the sun. Their blankets and other garments were gorgeous beyond description, while their bare bodies were painted in high colors. They made a weird appearance as they went through their various dances. Cowpony races, running races (free for all), cowgirl races, and wild-horse races were held, the latter being the most exciting of all. Animals used in this kind of race have never before been ridden. The contestant must saddle, mount, and ride. He is allowed one assistant in the saddling process. As may be imagined, the plunging and pitching is usually in every direction. The young horses are roped and brought before the grand stand, where they are thrown, tied, and blindfolded. They are then led to the starting-place, and at a given signal they are saddled, the time being counted from the time the signal is given. Some will land the planging feature of the Frontier Day is the stage "hold-up." An ol

Daring and Reckless Riding

The bucking contests are always for large prizes, and are to many of the spectators the most interesting of the stirring events. The horses ridden are thoroughly wild, and the process of saddling and bridling is very exciting. The animals fight, kick, rear, jump, and plunge, and have to be tied head and feet before they can be approached. In spite of the vicious character of the horses, the cowboys soon demonstrate that they are masters of the situation. The Western rider is capable of wonderful things in the way of horsemanship. He keeps his seat under all circumstances. He picks up a hat or handkerchieflying on the ground while going at full speed. Flying like the wind, he twirls his long rope, which falls unerringly over the horn or hoof designated. His skill and daring can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who understand the difficulties, and know what constitutes excellent horsemanship. The chief idea of the horse is to unseat his rider, and that of the rider is to let the beast try and fail. The cowboy spurs from shoulder to flank, or thumbs the animal's neck to make him pitch, then, when the excitement is at its height, he holds up both hands, to show that he is not "pulling leather"; that is, holding on in any way to saddle or straps. The more frantic the animal, the better the cowboy enjoys it.

The roping of wiid steers is another regular feature. The steers are given fifty yards start, and are to be thrown and "hog-tied"; that is, the feet securely tied together. The contestant on his faithful cowpony makes a swift run for his steer, and at just the proper second, lets fly his lariat. A neat throw is often the result. The trained cowpony then holds the rope taut, while in less time than it takes to tell it the cowboy leaps from his saddle, ties his steer, and holds up his hand to signify to the judges who are timing him that he is done. It is not always so simple. Sometimes the steer suddenly changes his course, and, should the horse be unprepared for the mighty jerk, he and his rider may both

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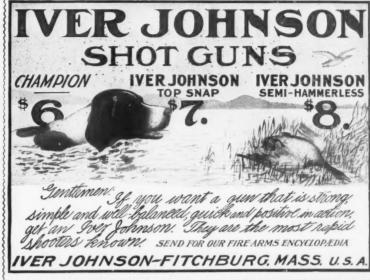
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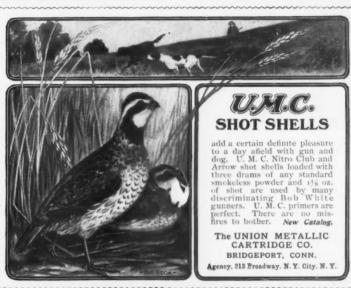
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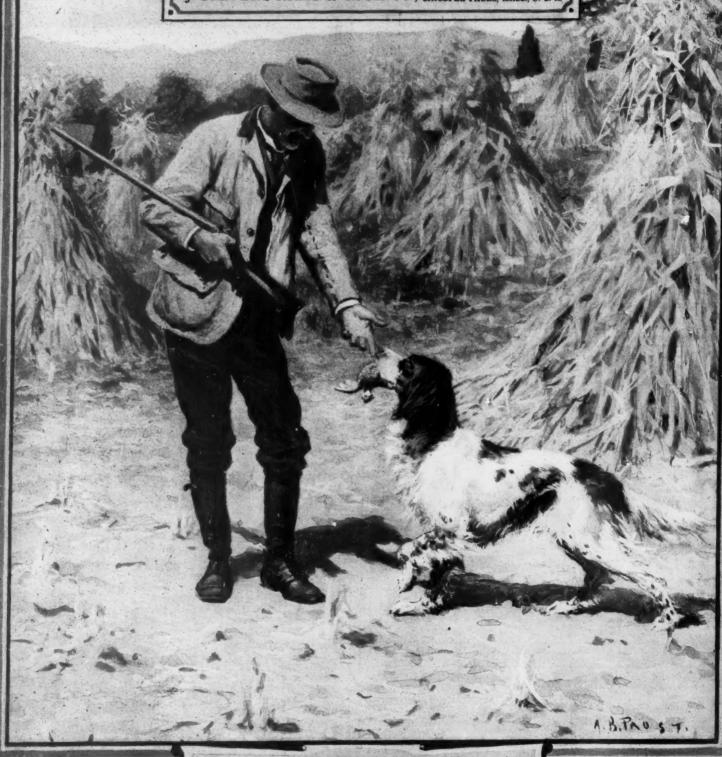
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